THE COMMONWEAL

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FRANCE IN THE DOVECOT

THE lot of the American delegation at the naval conference has not been a happy one, and we are edified at the patience with which Mr. Stimson and his colleagues have followed every possible avenue toward agreement. Complaint at this time would be indeed ungracious, no nation having imposed so hard a task upon its representatives as the United States, nor expected so great results from them. We were out for actual reduction in navies, and at the same time for parity with Great Britain; for preservation of the ratios established at Washington in 1922; for abolition of the submarines despite well-understood opposition to it; and for all this without political agreements. To carry all our points would have gone far toward guaranteeing the peace of the world, but to carry all of them it would have been necessary that every other nation at the conference accept the hypothesis of peace as willingly as did the United States.

Now it was not up to Secretary Stimson to persuade other delegations to that hypothesis. That was work which should have been undertaken in preparation for the conference everywhere as it was undertaken in the United States. The policies of the various delegations at London were determined long before the conference began, and no man or group of men could hope to change them. Two months ago, of course, it remained to be seen whether other nations were as ready as the United States to apply the strategy of peace to the work of peace. We may have been surprised at the intensity of the opposition to this method, but it should not shake our faith in the merits of it.

In the light of our expectations, the work of the conference to date has been sadly disappointing. We have not been able to abolish the submarine, and reduction in naval strength will be mostly a reduction in battleship tonnage. We shall have fewer ships and doughtier ones. France, magnanimously, will not salvage and refit certain vessels which are in the mud, and the United States will do away with its war-time destroyers, comparatively few of which are not already rusting in the shipyards. This may be reduction as the French pretend to understand it, and as the English, at times, have appeared to understand it; but reduction as Americans understand it can mean only the scrapping of ships which would be effective in a fight today and five years from today.

Considering the attitude of France, however, the conference is really to be congratulated. Its accom-

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plishments do not appear so unsubstantial when the quality of the opposition is taken into account. It has arranged a code for the decent conduct of submarines during war time, and while combatants may still be inclined to disregard such codes, there is a powerful check in the memory of what the ill will of the rest of the world cost Germany a dozen years ago. The cruiser problem is pretty well out of the way, and let us remember how thorny that problem appeared to be last summer. An Anglo-American agreement appears to have been reached on all counts, and differences with Japan are rapidly being ironed out. Thus France returned to the conference to find a three-power treaty affecting the greatest navies on the seas by no means so nebulous an arrangement as it had appeared at the fall of the Tardieu Cabinet. And ways had been opened toward a four-power treaty, which would be an even greater blow to French prestige, since it would mean the consolidation of Italy's recent advances into international good grace. Now, up to the present, the French have insisted that their support at home is so strong that they can afford to remain out of a general agreement, and risk world-wide resentment. But it may be that their confidence is exaggerated, just as their cruiser and battleship needs have been exaggerated, and as, we suspect, their original reluctance to attend the conference was planned to give them an advantage. Weak at Washington in 1922, the French adopted a simple strategy to make themselves all-important at London in 1930.

We do not suppose for a moment that the French claims are final. We expect a five-power treaty, in which limitation of fighting ships in all classes will be stipulated, simply because neither a three- nor a four-power treaty are any longer out of the question.

WEEK BY WEEK

The Jobless Millions

WE CAN make nothing except a bad joke out of the statement that the Senate's delay over the tariff bill is responsible for continued and increasing unemployment all over the country. It implies that the tariff schedules developed under the last two Republican administrations were not worthy of the name, and it disrupts the connection drawn in 1928 between prosperity and Republicanism. We suspect, of course, that the authorities responsible for this remarkable statement put no more faith in it than we do, but the unemployment situation has become so embarrassing that someone must be blamed for it, if only to divert public attention from the main problem. We wonder what will be found to serve this purpose once the new tariff is passed and in effect. For all indications are that the summer will find several million of our fellow-citizens still jobless, despite the customary seasonal pick-up. As a successor to the Senate coalition and the delayed tariff, therefore, we propose the lawless drinkers of the country, who are forcing the government to spend money on enforcement which might have gone into the digging of canals; or the French at the naval conference (presuming it fails) on the supposition that they will have tied up our money in battleships instead of releasing it for new roads. In a crisis like this the active mind will not fail to discover explanations.

ONE reason for the absence of everything except explanations is the fact that no one knows how widespread unemployment really is. We know that it is out of all proportion to our wealth. Secretary Davis admits that it is "distressing" and Senator Wagner was not exaggerating when he said that "the situation is accompanied by all the pain of an acute attack," and "all the symptoms of a chronic ailment." But exact figures are missing. Anywhere between three million and six million persons may be out of work at present; in any plan to help them, therefore, the possibility of error may be as high as 100 percent. Whatever may be done toward speeding up the government's program of construction, any relief which that affords will be only immediate and transitory unless we establish a system meanwhile (such as Senator Wagner's three bills provide for) to gather the facts on unemployment, maintain labor clearing houses, and stabilize business through the accurate timing of public building. The President has spoken in favor of such machinery on several occasions; in a country as large and of such varied interests as the United States, where the ordinary causes of unemployment are complicated by immigration and a considerable shifting of farm and urban population, to proceed without it is to waste money and to continue needless suffering.

There Is No Hurry for Coffin Nails

PUBLIC welcome of Mr. Theodore MacManus's advertisement editorial, as published last week in The Commonweal and in the daily press, has been cordial even if a little bewildered. The toy balloon with which diverse publicity agents have been amusing themselves—the doctrine that the country's biggest producer of a commodity on wheels is selling his product at the lowest possible figure even though he pays the highest known wages—was here punctured with disconcerting neatness and despatch. For facts are always facts, and they indicate that in the present instance costs are pared down by farming out the manufacture of parts to factories which pay low wages and by curtailing the earnings of the dealer. Mr. MacManus suggests: "Let every American business man go back to the good old plan of doing his own thinking, running his own business, preserving his own independence (with due respect for the rights of others) and America will prosper more surely than it ever can or will by blindly following or being frightened by a dogmatic rule set down by one fellow business man, or any group of them, no matter how large and influential that group may be." It is an excellent and impressive editorial.

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A SOMEWHAT similar trend toward realism was evident in an address delivered by Mr. E. F. DuBrul, of Cincinnati, at the regional meeting of the Catholic Conference on Industrial Problems held recently in Pittsburgh. Mr. DuBrul is general manager of the Machine Tool Builders Association and has long since manifested a keen interest in business ethics. Denying that employers pay better wages in order to increase the market for finished products, he declared that experience in many forms of enterprise shows that men will work faster and harder if they are paid more. The "high-wage policy" is dictated, therefore, by scientific management; and Mr. DuBrul predicted that this would lead eventually to a better distribution of employment and to shorter hours. We may add that several large American corporations are now more or less actively considering the five-day week, believing that the result would be a conservation of the health and energies of their employees. All this and more supports Mr. DuBrul's contention, but one must not overlook the real change in human attitude which has been effected by trade-unionism and public opinion. Low wages and social indifference are not assets to any corporation, and the mere fact that even the spurious "high pay" claim assailed by Mr. McManus has advertising value merits consideration.

VINDICATION is always satisfying, but one's joy may be tempered by the thought that the need for vindication should never have been created. That is the situation in Cleveland, where the Ohio district court of appeals has freed Louis B. Seltzer, editor, and Carlton K. Matson, chief editorial writer of the Cleveland Press, on contempt of court sentences. From its very beginning the case against the two men was malodorous. Their editorials had denounced Judge Walther for granting an injunction which aimed to restrain an officer from performing his legal duties. Although the editorials were published after the court action was completed, Judge Walther hailed the two defendants before the bar, and presided at their trial. The sentence imposed—$500 fine and thirty days in jail—was as much a travesty of justice as it was an expression of vindictiveness. In reversing this sentence and freeing the writers of the charge against them, the court of appeals scored Judge Walther for improper conduct and for setting a penalty in excess of that provided by statute, but proposed a procedure in contempt of court cases which should be made obligatory on all jurists who feel that their dignity, or the dignity of their court, has been impaired. This proposal that judges should "refer matters of contempt other than those committed in their immediate presence to another judge for trial . . . so that the court will not bring itself into disrepute by sitting in judgment in a case in which it is vitally interested," if followed as a matter of law, would eliminate from such cases the possibility of prejudice subverting justice.

Reversal

THAT the Vatican is constantly striving to win the eastern schismatic Churches for Catholic unity is a thought which, naturally enough, has been suggested by the recent summons to prayer in behalf of Russian sufferers for the Faith. The London Economist, one of the best informed among the English weeklies, referred to the point in a recent editorial. After reminding its readers that whereas the Papacy "has been above and aloof from the sovereignty of secular governments ever since the eighth century," the Orthodox Churches have been kept in a position of subservience to the state. Those eastern churchmen who sought protection against the encroachments of secular authority have normally "looked to Rome as the champion of ecclesiastical liberty." Pope Pius XI is, therefore, acting according to much precedent when he appeals for recognition of the rights of the Russian people. The Economist adds that the situation today is interesting and strange. In the Russian and Ottoman empires, strongholds of the orthodox faith before the war, there has set in a catastrophic decline of "Byzantine" religious influence. Southeastern Europe is still preëminently orthodox, but the position of the Catholic Church is stronger than ever before. "While we do not doubt that the Pope is speaking from the heart," the Economist concludes, "it would be difficult to believe that considerations of high ecclesiastical polity are altogether absent from His Holiness's mind." It may be that similar "considerations" had weight with the archbishop of Canterbury.

Eastern Christian Unity

BUT though the ideal of reunion between the East and West has been entertained during centuries, nothing suggests immediate realization of the vision. All that can be done is to prepare the way and to remove obstacles, so that Providence may not be retarded by human factors. The situation becomes clearer if one consults some such recent survey of eastern ecclesiasticism as that published in French by Père Janin. It appears that more than one hundred and seventy-two million is a conservative estimate of the membership in the dissident churches. The number of Roman Catholics living according to oriental rites is only about eight million, or slightly more than 4 percent of the total. These figures indicate graphically the extent of the progress made during hundreds of years of unrelenting effort. Nationalism, which played so large a part in the separation of Constantinople from Rome and in subsequent developments, has created a series of barriers between the oriental and occidental minds. Doubtless the vast political and economic changes now taking place will have a profound effect. But the prayer for Christian unity, almost as ancient as the Church itself, must be patient and persevering. Union will be reached not through some spectacular action but through what the Baron von Hügel might have termed the "deserving-mindedness" of the Church as a communion of souls.

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IN HIS address at the Pilgrim's dinner, Sir Esmé Howard paid the United States the finest compliment which it has received in a long time. Englishmen do not realize, he said, "the true desire in the hearts of all its inhabitants, barring some traditional isolationists, to be of use to the world at large, though without political commitments for the future." Of course one does not expect retired ambassadors to speak in other than the tenderest terms of friendly powers. But on this occasion it does not appear that Sir Esmé was merely satisfying the conventions. He could have done that by speaking vaguely of our wealth, energy and ambition; everyone would have been pleased enough. We ourselves are too immediately on the ground to know whether he has spoken truly of us or not. We know nothing positive about our fellow-countrymen generally. We are amazed when a French journalist says that we are happy, but not more so than when an English novelist says that we are melancholic, and we should be amazed if anyone said either that we are a very independent race, or that we can be led around by the nose. All these things, possibly, are true of us, and we hope that what Sir Esmé has said is also true. At any rate it gives us something to live up to.

Sir Esmé's Compliment

THE recent report of Governor Roosevelt's special committee on New York's parole system invites the serious attention of citizens. The committee numbers Sam A. Lewisohn, George W. Alger, Edwin J. Cooley, Jane M. Hoey, John S. Kennedy, and Raymond Moley—workers in this field whose eminence and long and disinterested service invest their recommendations with great authority. Some of those recommendations may startle by the lengths to which they carry the logic of the parole method. But few readers who have any realization of the growing importance of preventive agencies of all sorts will disagree with the principle of Chairman Lewisohn's statement: "Parole is as important in crime prevention as imprisonment. . . . If we are going to do it in slipshod fashion there is no use in doing it. . . . We are not an intelligent community when we do not finish the job that the prisons begin." One single item in the committee's survey—the fact that last year forty-eight workers, state, social and religious, were required to supervise 3,951 parolees—shows that the state is assuredly not now finishing the job the prisons begin.

For a New Parole Board

CHIEF features of the ideal parole program, as envisaged by the committee, are that the powers and activities of investigation and recommendation now shared among five state parole systems be vested in one board; that this board function under the Executive Department instead of the Department of Correction; that the number of workers in the field be much increased and that the salaries of the board and their staff be large enough to secure the full-time services of experts ($15,000 is the top figure named); that the board undertake to maintain discharged prisoners in employment, and otherwise, in the most active way, to reëstablish their normal relations with society. This last plan is obviously so much more of a guarantee against lapses into crime than the present practice of sending the parolee forth with $10, a new suit of clothes and "a job that may not last a week," that approval of it will probably be general. Other provisions will invite debate. The status of religious and social workers, whose contribution is admittedly of great value, must also be clarified. Here, then, is a report meriting civic thanks, if only because it is a challenge to thought on a tragically important problem.

WILL there ever be another D. H. Lawrence? The death of this most fiercely discussed among modern English writers testifies, at all events, to the waning of an art tendency which threatened to become dominant. His best books, which it is already quite easy to select from his enormous output, are almost the quintessence of modern naturalism. Predisposed by early environment and very inconstant health to sensitiveness, Lawrence consciously made of himself a kind of delicate stringed instrument upon which all the forces of earth could play. The philosophies he sought out and labored to incorporate in his books were those which aimed to abolish every vestige of restraint; and gradually he became a chronicler of the stealthy wanderings of sex through the unconscious—or, at least, through what he thought was the unconscious. One cannot feel that this was a lofty ambition or a wholly satisfying achievement. It compelled him, in the end, to defend his prejudices with reasoning anybody can see through. But though he was a victim of what is probably the fundamental aberration of our time, Lawrence was genuinely a poet. Perhaps no other modern prose writer—and a few poets excepting James Stephens—offer so much arresting and haunting imagery to describe elemental and yet fascinatingly delicate experiences which grow out of man's concern with nature.

Erotic Genius

AT LAST a coach has been found who at least suggests the popular ideal. There is no doubting that Rockne is too jocose and scientific, Alonzo Stagg more conservative and academic than necessary and Biff Jones too martial. A far more symbolic figure is that of Mr. Joseph Schwarzer, until recently coach of Manhattan College, who has retired (we are told) to organize a chain of meat stores in Syracuse. Now personally Mr. Schwarzer is not so much of a butcher as this announcement might seem to indicate. He is considered an amiable and energetic young man, whose decision gives evidence of sound business acumen. Yet, in venturing upon his new career

A Future for Coaches

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in roasts and chops, Mr. Schwarzer had certainly impersonated a growing tendency to regard the sport of football as a kind of modern gladiatorial spectacle. Something quite like a zest for human raw meat has been noticeable in the crowds which, amply befuddled with alcohol, have assembled in diverse stadia during recent seasons. We have seen a thrill of pleasure light up hundreds of faces when a play knocked out three or four men. This brutalization of the audience is, perhaps, a far greater peril to the game than any amount of subsidizing or supercoaching.

Obliging Statistics

SOME months ago we published an article by Frank Whalen on The Cult of Statistics which called attention to the fact that figures could be collected to prove almost anything. We would recommend a reading of this article to Mr. Samuel Crowther whose testimony on the dry side of the prohibition hearing was recently heard in Washington. Certainly if he had read Mr. Whalen's paper beforehand he would have given different testimony. Possibly he might even have decided not to appear. For what Mr. Crowther had to say in favor of prohibition was based on statistics he had collected in order to write an article for a decidedly dry magazine—a magazine which would not have printed anything suggesting that the Eighteenth Amendment was not a success. So he needed dry statistics and he found them. He even tackled a number of college presidents with the question: "Is there drinking in your institution?" and triumphantly produced their unqualified negatives. The question may not be as fallacious as the famous "Have you stopped beating your wife?" but surely the inquiring journalist could have anticipated no other answer to it. Well, a writer no doubt must earn a living but at least he should have sufficient sense of humor to know how far he could carry a joke.

CHRISTENDOM ON ITS KNEES

THE world, said Emerson, is "built on ideas, not on cotton and iron." That is a proud phrase which happens also to be true. To a generation inclined to be forgetful of it the day of prayer appointed for the regeneration of Russia may be an impressive reminder. During 500 years the churches of the West have not been so closely united in one action. Banded together in response to an appeal from the Sovereign Pontiff are all those who still believe that God dwells with men, that obedience to His summons and confidence in His assurances are the most vital elements in any conception of human liberty, and that spiritual virtue is the only lasting treasure. No less obvious are the opposing forces—those who have used Russia as the material of a social experiment, and whose deeds of repression are more ruthless than the half-forgotten edicts of Caesars and Sultans. It would be a mistake, however, to suppose that the conflict is localized. Soviet Russia has international cravings. A series of outbursts in all parts of the world, engineered by apostles of a new Utopia and shared by hundreds of disaffected workers, prove too well the priority which many people concede to the values of material well-being.

What is the essence and what is the record of Bolshevism? Have we here the ultimate heresy, curtailing Revelation to a mere denial? Perhaps. But though the cord which binds Stalin to Lenin and Lenin to Marx is strong and evident, one must not forget that the assumptions of atheistic Communism are as old as the race. Upon these every conscienceless quest for wealth and comfort has been built. Dostoievsky knew that Russia might prove terrible because he had looked into the hearts of unscrupulous aristocrats. And Nietzsche, his violent counterpart, looked also and read the horoscope of Europe. It is quite conceivable that imperialistic capitalism became, during the nineteenth century, fully as hostile to Christianity as Moscow is now. The methods it adopted were, of course, different. No group of half-crazed fanatics waged a murderous campaign against religious faith. But to whatever point of the compass a historian turns, the weaning of a populace from God is found to have been sponsored by those who triumphed in the name of "economic law" and contentedly enslaved their fellow-men. Let us be frank and fair. Russia has not begotten her own misery, even though the sins she committed against her people cried unto heaven. The blood and filth of Leningrad can be traced to ideas which captivated a Europe more and more empty of its traditional faith. And now it may well be that, in turn, the "cotton and iron" of the West are not safe from the attacks of revolution.

The record of socialized Russia is, to continue, strikingly like the record of unmoral capitalism. Here, too, the emphasis has been entirely upon production—upon speeding up the industrial machine so that those in control might obtain greater power. In both cases the proportion of ruling caste altruism has been virtually the same. Before the social movement in modern Britain got under way, there were doubtless some wealthy men who wished to promote the education and hygiene of those dependent upon them; but even these generally wanted subservience, wanted labor, wanted no trifling with the established order. And morals? It was the glutted citizen of the West, tired of restraint and hungry for pleasure, who popularized divorce and pornographic festivals not outlawed into stigmatized parts of town. It was the class which had learned to draw up a case for unbelief that made our present family statistics a fair rival for those of Soviet Russia, where the dissolution of matrimony is the easiest thing in the world. We all have drifted toward the abyss in which unhappy Russia lies, striken with madness and desolation.

After this, the horrors of Moscow may be seen as horrors which, by the grace of God, we have as yet been spared. The incredibly long list of ghastly

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murders, past the scenes of which Trotzky and Stalin rode in armored cars; the chronicle of torture and rapine, of hunger and foul disease, of infamous hysteria and enforced cringing—all this nightmare enduring throughout a decade can be dispelled by no opiate. It is there for us to look at as the handwriting on the wall. Part of the success of Bolshevism is due to the use of force (in which a great body of Europeans have believed with all their souls). Another part is due to the abolition of moral mandates (in which countless moderns in the West have likewise placed their faith). The third and smallest part is due to the ending of patience among the poor. Therefore the Soviet persecution of religion is a stark and overwhelming confession. Here is "the thing" which they would stamp out because it is the sole force opposed to them. Here is that without the absence of which they could not have been!

To say that religion in Russia has been corrupt and emasculated may be permissible in part. But it is only relatively true. How many of us can lay claim to the spiritual stature of such a man as the Patriarch Tikhon, who in his eagerness to promote Christian unity knocked at the doors of the Vatican, and who died a harassed prisoner in a cell of the Donskoy monastery? Or who among us would not venerate Father Ambrosius, so well beloved by all of Russia's greatest literary men? Nor can Catholics forget Archbishop Cieplak, who found a martyr's death as truly as Saint Polycarp. From the very beginning religion has been preached to the Russians by their intellectual aristocracy. Tolstoy was merely living up to a tradition. And since 1920 this nobility of spiritual service has been participated in by throngs of the humble—not merely the monks, priests, rabbis and lay folk who have given their lives as memorials of faith, but also by that immeasurable army of the despoiled who have lived in exile and poverty everywhere. Though disarray and lack of heroism have afflicted the Russian Church, it is still too early to say that the shibboleths of Marxian agitators have genuinely affected the belief which is lodged in 100,000,000 souls.

It is, of course, useless to summarize here the Bolshevik activities against religion. These have been chronicled by journalists and victims, photographers and historians, so that as much of the world as cares to read has been fed the news piecemeal during a decade. Nor have we, to tell the truth, any great confidence in the direct effectiveness of protests from the outside world. Leo M. Glassman, the well-informed Jewish newspaperman, tells us that " the Soviet government adopts a liberal and humane policy wherever it finds that to be in its own political interest"; and he cites as evidence the comparative security enjoyed by the 17,000,000 Mohammedans in Russia, who in Caucasia and the Siberian republics have strong ties with their brethren living abroad. Another reason for this leniency is doubtless Moscow's hope of capitalizing upon possible Mohammedan antipathy to the British. It does not follow, however, that Russian Christians or Jews can derive much benefit from the repudiation of Soviet policies by Europe. Conditions are entirely different. The assumption underlying all aggressive Communism is that the western world can be divided against itself by winning the support first of revolutionary intellectuals, and secondly of the proletariat. Why attempt to conceal this hope? It is, indeed, true enough that the intellectualist group will be stirred to admiration far more easily through open persecution of religion than through abstinence from persecution. The western atheist is tired of smiling at religion. Though he may not care to take up arms against it himself, he hails war upon it as a boon.

What the Catholic hopes for rather, on this day of prayer offered in the name of Saint Joseph, patron of the universal Church, is that God will confirm the faith of the troubled and suffering in Russia. Thus perhaps the world might see again what it witnessed under Nero —the powerlessness of rigor to dispel the glory of revelation or to destroy the sacred right of community in the Church. Ultimately the Bolshevist will be defeated by triumphantly resurgent Christianity or he will not be defeated at all. And so Dante's hallowed phrase, "In His will there is our peace," takes on a new significance. There can be no tranquillity, social or personal, for us until the assumptions upon which conscienceless materialism is based have been overruled. All this can be made plain by reflecting upon what has happened in Russia since 1919, in a spirit of carefully weighing the evidence. One point is surely worthy of particular attention. How shall we explain the confluence of sinister personalities—the Rasputins and Lenins —at a given moment? And the answer must surely be that these men were something like heavily charged steel bars into which the demoniac energies of an anti-Christian generation had been stored. If that be true of Russia, what shall we expect for ourselves?

And part of our prayer should surely be for ourselves, for the strengthening of faith in the western world and for the victory over the things which have brought on the catastrophe of Russia. America and Europe will be safe from Moscow only if they succeed in mastering the drift toward worship of power and moral laxity now so manifest. Granted the virility of Christianity in our corporate and individual living and the threat of Bolshevism would be an idle joke. Such virility, however, must be revealed first of all in the leader. The masses are patient and imitative. Now as ever they are hushed expectantly, waiting for the command which is lived rather than spoken. Even Francis had to preach to fishes until people had seen the holiness of his life. The modern leader of industry, thought or science is, therefore, the demonstration of which way mankind is going. We live, one may say confidently, in a time when professions of faith and honest virtue are multiplying. More than a few of our leading men are admirable omens. May those who kneel to pray for the saving of Christendom in Russia not forget these also.

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Places and Persons

CARDINAL MERRY DEL VAL

By MICHAEL WILLIAMS

WHEN I was in Rome in 1922, reporting for a newspaper syndicate the events and ceremonies connected with the election and coronation of Pope Pius XI, second only in interest to the august person of the Supreme Pontiff was the radiant personality of the late Cardinal Merry del Val. It was my first visit to the centre of Christendom. Almost overwhelmed by my impressions and experiences, at a time when, as I have said and written over and over again, the coming out of the Vatican of Pope Pius XI marked one of the great turning-points in modern history, I found it almost impossible to keep my memories distinct and individual. They tended to blend together into one rich but somewhat vague symphony of almost incommunicable moods and adventures: adventures at once physical, mental and spiritual.

Ralph Adams Cram has published in the American Mercury a magical essay dealing with the wonder of whiteness. It recalls that strange mystical chapter on the same theme in Herman Melville's Moby Dick. Mr. Cram writes that the white magic which gives the Acropolis in Athens its transcendant beauty has never in his experience been equaled except once, long ago, when, at his jubilee, Pope Leo XIII was borne into Saint Peter's in his sedia gestatoria. Chiseled ivory glowing with an interior fire are the words which Mr. Cram employs to invoke this memory. I borrow them from Mr. Cram in recalling my own memory of Pope Pius XI at those supreme moments when I saw him on the balcony blessing the world and the city, heading the onward march of the Church which is the greatest event of our times, or as he stood, bowed in adoration, saying his Mass under the dome of Michelangelo, amid the thrilling chant of the silver trumpets. And near him I always seem to see the scarlet figure of the great Cardinal, Raphael Merry del Val—scarlet which is the hue of blood: the ichor of life—scarlet which symbolized the oath of all the princes of the Church to be faithful even unto the shedding of blood.

I tried, as a journalist, not only to see but to speak with him. I was told quite plainly and decisively that he did not talk with newspapermen. As a reporter I should have been furious. But most reporters, as they go on with their work, learn to distinguish between the great and the near great, between the mere publicity seekers, and the few truly great men and women who only speak to the press, or through the press, when they have something to say that means something—and means something not about themselves, but about their work or their mission. Therefore, my rebuff added to my respect for this prince of the Church who had stood at the right hand of Pius X throughout the period of one of the deepest spiritual epochs of the modern Church, and who as secretary of the Congregation of the Holy Office again stood at the side of the new Pope, dealing with the deep central affairs of the universal Church.

All that I heard about Merry del Val added to the aura of high romance and of spiritual beauty which surrounded a figure superb in its masculine beauty; the figure of a great gentleman, a supreme Churchman, a man of the world also in the truest and finest sense of that abused figure of speech. In him were mingled the blood of Ireland and of Spain. He summed up the education and the culture of Catholic Europe. When one day I saw him in the almost-empty, vast space of Saint Peter's, surrounded by an Italian army corps to keep the multitude at a distance, when he greeted the king and queen of the Belgians and led them to where they all knelt together at Saint Peter's tomb, even the splendid figures of the heroic king and the queen were heightened in dignity by the superb scarlet figure that led them forward.

Later on, I again went to Rome. On this occasion, a note from Cardinal Gasquet, the Benedictine man of letters who did so much to make The Commonweal known abroad, and another note from that eminent Catholic journalist, the late L. J. S. Wood, of the London Tablet, perhaps the only journalist ever admitted to the confidence of Cardinal Merry del Val, opened his door to me in his quiet, lovely Palace of Santa Marta: nestling so humbly by the side of the huge Church of Saint Peter, of which he was the arch-priest. But it was not for a newspaper interview. He had consented to give guidance to the work in which I was engaged.

Catholic journals, particularly journals edited and written by laymen, are perilous adventures. They must meet peculiar difficulties. The headlong rashness of most secular journalism, which constitutes so much of its worldly charm and its attraction for the adventurous characters who make up the front ranks of newspapermen, can have no place in a paper which, because it draws its principles from the everlasting Church, must always remember that in its own little way it is a journal of eternity rather than of time. But laymen with the best intentions, when writing about the Church, may too easily be rash, or wrong-headed, or only superficially acquainted with the profound problems of such a tremendous organism as the Catholic Church. Unless we who presume to write on behalf or in interpretation of the Faith are firmly orientated toward the centre of that faith, which is the Chair of Peter, all the good

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intentions in the world will hardly save us from some sad blundering.

Something of all this I timidly said to the great Cardinal, who sat there watching me calmly and gravely, and listening with that courtesy and patience which everywhere mark the gentleman. Continuing, I said that of course I did not come to ask for words to peddle in the market-place of journalism; I had no desire to "quote him," as the saying goes, but if he would speak to me as to the place that the lay writer could and should occupy in the modern movement of the Faith, I would treasure what he might say, and I would know that the paper I represented (the paper for which I am now writing) would have a trustworthy compass for its adventurous voyage.

After a moment, he spoke. He went on speaking for perhaps half on hour. Not even now shall I "quote him." His death does not break the seal of confidence. But this I may say, that as the Cardinal spoke I heard the Church itself speaking. It was a discourse that if it could have been taken down would, I believe, remain as a classic utterance. Matter and form seemed united in a perfect harmony. Never have I heard the English language used with such perfect spontaneity and appropriateness. There were great matters touched upon—even more than touched upon, emphasized and underscored; but it was no sermon; the subtle fire of irony, and the gleam of wit, and the charm of a conversationalist who conversed as a great artist might play his instrument—all this gave that half-hour's utterance a place forever set apart in my memories. As a journalist, I have interviewed many of the great ones of this world. Among them all, only Theodore Roosevelt, former Governor Alfred E. Smith, and the present cardinal archbishop of Boston stand in the same class with the late Merry del Val as masters of the English language in the spontaneous expression of their thoughts and their personalities. But Merry del Val occupies a place apart from all others, by virtue of the high degree of serene, mellow, yet ardent cosmopolitan culture which distinguished him and ever made him a living proof of the humanistic effect of sound spiritual doctrine.

In a world almost overwhelmed by mediocrities, placed by accidental circumstances, or the seesaw operations of popular politics, or the accidents of financial success, in the seats of the mighty—affecting therefore the destinies of millions of other souls—it is high consolation to meet such men as the late Spanish-Irish Cardinal. We shall publish in these pages later on a more considered estimate of his career and of his character by an American gentleman who was closely and intimately associated with Raphael Merry del Val: Mr. Joseph Scott of Los Angeles, California. Mr. Scott was a pupil under the Cardinal as a young man, and throughout his own distinguished career he kept closely in touch with him.

My particular purpose in these hasty notes is to register as well as I may the impression produced upon me by a man whose Mother Church, it seems to me, had brought into complete harmony the most admirable and distinctive traits of a cultured gentleman. He was an example of that true aristocracy which has been nourished by the Catholic Church throughout the centuries: an aristocracy of talent, or of genius, or of service, which chooses its leaders from any rank or class of men or women, and gives their native gifts or acquirements the fullest possible development and opportunity to manifest themselves.

The new humanists who are now appearing in the United States might well turn to the life and character of such a man as Cardinal Merry del Val as a subject for their deepest study. He was what might perhaps be termed a superhumanist. A man among men: an accurate marksman with the rifle: a horseman of splendid ability: a student of books: a connoisseur of art: a ruler of men who at the same time knew the secret of obedience and order in his relations to those placed in superior positions above him—and yet, the deep springs of his life were not in time but in eternity. Nobody could be more modern in his utilization of the inventions and devices of our modern mechanical genius. But divine things formed the centre of his human world and his high human character.

His last will and testament proves the final and convincing truth of this judgment. His private fortune was given to his mother the Church: to be used for the propagation of the Faith, and particularly for the poorest among the world-scattered missions and missionaries. The great aristocrat from beyond the grave will continue the work of all true Catholic aristocrats, namely, to labor and spend themselves to uplift and console the poor and the humble: in spirit and purpose being themselves poor and humble men: followers of the Poor Man of Galilee Who was Lord of heaven and earth. And the Cardinal's body will rest by the side of his master during the greatest epoch of his career: Pope Pius X, above whose body, lying in the crypt of Saint Peter's, you see pilgrims from all the ends of the world kneeling in prayer. The Society of the Sacred Heart and many other religious orders lose their protector in Rome; but they will still evoke his interest. Eternity and time are all one for Catholics; but in no Einsteinian relative sense; rather in an absolute sense.

For this writer, then, who speaks, he believes, for many others, Raphael Cardinal Merry del Val was a consoling portent; a reminder of the great standards which once ruled our western civilization, a proof that these standards have not died out, and a promise that they will be inevitably renewed in the future. The comfort of this thought is made greater by the fact that throughout Christendom there are many such superhumanists. And although a leader in their ranks has fallen in the battle with vulgarity, mediocrity, sensualism and materialism, his work will inspire those who will move forward along the path which his stately, yet never pompous, splendid figure trod for so long.

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MEXICO AS IT IS

By JULIUS A. WEBER

The following paper on Mexico, by a man who knows the situation intimately, displays a refreshing willingness to subordinate political events to economic facts. At present the battle is on, he tells us, not so much between federals and rebels as between parasites and the destitute. Mr. Weber concedes the attraction which Communism has for the average Mexican, but feels that any endeavor to offset it by importing the authority of the United States could merely lead to further trouble. While the editors have read Mr. Weber's paper with interest they do not necessarily endorse all its statements.—The Editors.

ONCE more we are told of Mexico's coming glory under the new President, Señor Pascual Ortiz Rubio. Very pleasing to ear and fancy is the propaganda disseminated by the Mexican Chamber of Commerce, seemingly a department of past and present administrations. Different, more enticing are the lyrics of 1930, especially composed to lure capitalists from foreign lands; while in fact workers searching more agreeable conditions and personal freedom, are also attracted by glittering promises and will seek this earthly paradise. Revolution and religious controversy are apparently quelled; the country is at peace and again Mexico, the land of inexhaustible but latent wealth, becomes the realm of opportunity and romance.

Of the country's entire population, 80 percent at least are of the Indian race, so that Mexico is not, as popularly supposed, a Latin country, but one which is only slightly Latin. It is an Indian country. That is what every President has to consider. It is absolutely impossible to take 12,000,000 people of another race, especially a race like the Indians, and impose upon them the kind of government that has worked in the United States or some other part of the world where governments have been developments, growths. Such attempts are absolute failures in Mexico. The Indian has as well developed a brain as the white man. He has had governments and systems of economics in past centuries that were effective, and had he remained unmolested, he would have gone slowly but surely to greater things.

Beneath the veneer of gaiety the people at large are poverty-stricken and forlorn. Misery is not confined to any one section of the city but overflows to the main avenues and most thickly populated districts. Many of these unfortunate victims of poverty and incurable disease are crippled or blind. The authorities strictly prohibit any pictures being taken that would carry away the facts of the widespread distress, and this law is enforced with heavy fine or jail sentence imposed as penalty.

Often little children are actually homeless, without shelter, fending for themselves. Little groups of them cuddle together for warmth, sleep in alleys or doorways, their almost nude bodies finding such protection as they can from coverings of newspapers and rags. Huddling together as inconspicuously as possible, they remain little noticed by the unheeding crowds, or if called to their attention, are but a source of annoyance to the well-dressed men and women, many of whom by the way, are arrayed in the merchandise of some credit house. Why should they spare a thought to the numbers of youngsters eating from garbage boxes, often contending with some self-supporting dog for an especially desirable morsel? While the civil authorities, including the police, are sympathetic and humanely inclined, the exact opposite is true of the military officials. I have witnessed one of these officers deliberately thrust a child out of his way with his foot.

Costs are out of proportion. Clothing of American standard is high, yet one can hire the most luxurious type of automobile for approximately seventy cents per hour.

Stores, houses, lots and farms for sale practically monopolize the advertising columns of the daily press. The front pages, with headlines, of course, proclaim coming prosperity. We read the glowing account of the government's intention to compel every young man past school age to learn a trade. Undeniably this would be a good thing, but how about the facilities to materialize such an endeavor? Where are the schools to teach these various trades? From one end of Mexico to the other, not more than two hundred shops exist that are equipped to teach them.

Great activities are shown at the various railroad shops where locomotives, sections of passenger and freight trains that have been wrecked are constantly under repair. About 90 percent of these casualties are perpetrated by the dissatisfied (the federal term is rebels). During my five months at the main shops of the railroad at Aguascalientes, capitol of the state of the same name, I saw the results of nine disasters. Due to their nature, information concerning them probably never crossed the border.

Exploitation and development at the oil fields are practically at a standstill. The colony of about fifteen mines in the state of Zagatecas is idle; a notable exception is the Mexican Corporation, Limited, operated principally by English interests. Also very little activity is shown in mining properties scattered in various other states, although at Chihuahua some American-owned mines are producing. Business men hesitate to make investments due to their lack of confidence in the government's ability to protect them or their interests.

An enormous staff surrounds the chief executive, resembling a group of self-satisfied, pre-war Prussian

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officers. Multiply their conceit and hateful attitude by the hundred and you have the finished product—the Mexican army officer and "superiorities" connected with the governmental service. To attend one of the official social functions is like a glimpse of the sumptuous scenes in The Last Days of Pompeii. The luxury and splendor indulged in by a few at the head of a nation of millions of hungry souls cannot fail to result in disaster.

When the government partially curtailed contributions by the ecclesiastical powers to the coffers of Rome, the people themselves who were intended to be benefited by the ban, arrived at no gain whatsoever. Another item now seriously considered in the federal program is the introduction of prohibition. This indeed shows courage! These misleaders ignore the difference between the American and the Mexican in character. What the former may call an imposition, novel or unique, and then cheerfully proceed to circumvent, the latter will not hesitate to shed his blood to resent.

The present tranquillity will but usher in a still greater and more violent revolution because the people will never submit to American-made schemes. Regardless of who has introduced them, or who has been at the helm of the ship of state at the moment, the people have never welcomed any attempts at interference originating north of the border. They feel we have not achieved such amazing success in managing our affairs as would warrant them in modeling upon our methods! It is possible that some readjustment in the political machine patterned after European methods might work, but any so-called help from Wall Street's democracy will only make matters worse. I have talked with descendants of the royal aristocracy whose patriotism would not prevent them from thoroughly approving Mexico's attachment to the United States. They look upon the Germany of today as profiting from her annexation to the United States in 1918, and would gladly welcome a similar fate for themselves. These, I need not add, are in the hopeless minority. While we, the sublimest of armchair Christians, are deeply in sympathy with Mexico, we have never done anything to help her, except to send Bibles during her times of apparent peace, and promptly when conflict starts, ammunition!

I have been given varying reasons for the cause of unrest and conflict from those who ought to know. Existing conditions might be more adequately described as a conflict between parasites and destitutes than as between federals and rebels or between capital and labor.

The average Mexican is under the impression that all difficulties can be adjusted and wrong overcome by the introduction of Communism. This movement has taken root everywhere, therefore it is exceedingly difficult to do business in the large cities but even more so in smaller communities where at fairly regular intervals Communistic warnings are posted on show windows as well as on the entrances of private homes. The vast numbers of would-be workers are acting with marked independence, and whether it is acknowledged or not by the disturbed body of business men, the fact remains that Communism is making rapid advance. Nowhere has the seed of Sovietism fallen on a more fertile soil than in Mexico. Communistic headquarters are prominently located in Mexico City, whence unexaggerated information of this movement is given out by rather pleasing officials. The situation, however, is very different from the one which prevailed in Russia where the prerevolutionary money powers had substantially prepared the way for her new government. Unless (and this is impractical) a Soviet commission sent by Russia could aid in Mexico's reconstruction, the introduction of a Soviet régime will have to be assigned to the future.

Racial traits and prejudices being as they are, the introduction of American rules and regulations by Señor Rubio, or any subsequent president, will result in the masses persistently proceeding in their own, and exactly opposite, direction!

Mexico's moving army is at present considerably reduced. The chief executive has now to contend with only 400 generals and some 8,400 other officers. These smartly attired officers, as chic as the Prince of Wales, are in striking contrast to the 57,000 privates, clad in ancient uniforms of the most astounding variety of misfits ever assembled.

Obviously it is impossible to bring about tranquillity and utilize Mexico's resources for the general good until the great mass of the people find recognition and consideration as human beings. They know well what they want and will keep on rebelling until they skim the foam from their population and shape their constitutional rights in balance with their own ideals and in accord with those of other nations.

These people of Mexico, once given the opportunity to work out their own destiny, unmolested by the carloads of ammunition often so lavishly supplied by our Wall Street to federals—or rebels?—will march in step with civilization.

The Earth to the Young Day

Arise, arise, bathe in the dew-streams of morning,
My young beloved;
The stars have paled beyond the gentle fountains,
Cock-crow is over and the Lord Apollo
Wheels in the midmost sky.

Arise, arise, I have called thee from thy chamber,
Lily of the garlands;
I have bidden the god of sleep to depart from thee
And no more to weigh down the beauty of thine eyelids
With his seductive honey.

Hypnos, shadowy lord, leave my beloved,
For the morning calls to him and the sun's car halting
Trembles with joy beneath the burning fingers
Of the golden sun god.

WILFRED CHILDE.

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A CENTURY OF EVOLUTION

By HARVEY WICKHAM

FRANCE has recently been celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the death of Lamarck, "the true founder of the doctrine of evolution," and considerable patriotic zeal has been shown in the endeavor to prove that "the most fecund hypothesis of modern times" is indeed French rather than English, and that Darwin has reaped a great deal of credit rightly due to another.

The French contention has much in its favor. For not only did Lamarck precede Darwin by many years, and excel him in many ways, but the "evolution" which the average man swears by smacks more of Lamarck than of Darwin.

Lamarck, then, is a very live subject for contemporary biography, though if one is looking for the genuine father of the modern evolutionary theory, I see no reason for ignoring George Louis Leclerc, comte de Buffon, whose evolutionary speculations preceded Lamarck's by more than thirty years. It must be admitted, however, that Buffon, though keeper of the royal gardens (now the Jardin des Plantes) at Paris, was merely a popular writer, and that his speculations were very superficial and put forward without either consistency or conviction. Perhaps his chief title to fame is the friendship which he showed for Lamarck, securing his appointment as keeper of the herbarium in these same royal gardens, after having obtained for him the post of royal botanist and a commission to visit Holland, Germany and Hungary on a flower-hunting mission in 1781-1782.

Botany seems not to have been a plebian pursuit in those days, for Jean Baptiste Pierre Antoine de Monet de Lamarck, like his famous friend, Buffon, and his equally famous enemy, Georges Léopold Chrétien Frédéric Dagebert, baron de Cuvier, was of noble descent. He was born at Bazentin-le-Petit, a village in Picardy, in 1744, the eleventh child of his parents. And it is interesting to note that while Lamarck the evolutionist was not only a Catholic but actually obtained his early education at the Jesuit College at Amiens, Cuvier the anti-evolutionist, born in 1769 at Montbeliard, in the then Duchy of Württemberg, was brought up in the strictest tenets of Calvinism. To Cuvier, the creative power of God could not be shown except in sudden upheavals. He held that all natural history was a series of "catastrophies."

Lamarck, whose beauty of character has become a legend, thought that most changes were gradual. And when one comes to consider his monumental work, Le Système des Animaux sans Vertèbres, first published in 1801, it is difficult to see how the word "evolution" ever came to be associated so exclusively with the name of Darwin. For the very preface to this book assigns to the struggle for existence a prominent rôle in the production of new species, insists upon the necessity of geographical isolation for the preservation of distinct species, and even suggests the possible simian origin of man. Perhaps the evangelical pulpits of his day neglected to advertise him by ill-considered attacks upon his strong points and a display of total ignorance as to his weaknesses. Perhaps a minimum of seven volumes was too much. Anyway, he is known today chiefly because of his "fourth law," which runs:

> Everything which has been acquired, impressed upon, or changed in the organization of individuals, during the course of their life, is preserved by generation and transmitted to the new individuals which have descended from those who have undergone these changes.

This is a very good law, but has the slight defect of not being true. Everything which has been acquired by the parents during life is most emphatically *not* transmitted to their children, otherwise we whose fathers and mothers were literate would never have had to learn to read. The facts as observed show a distressing tendency to explain themselves in other ways. For it is not only necessary to show that a given individual has a given characteristic, but that he acquired it by heredity—and not only that, but to show that it was a post-natal acquirement of the ancestor and not inborn, or latent.

It would be a hardy writer who would contend that the eating of sour grapes has *no* tendency to set the children's teeth on edge; but the marvelous arrangement whereby the germ-cells are protected from contamination through the ordinary body-cells, make it plain that most of the toothache reaches us through the cradle and not from the genital tract. Pointer pups are said sometimes to point without training, and holding the tail erect is said to be an acquired characteristic in dogs. Cetaceans which have abandoned the land for the water do seem to have had their legs transformed into fin-like members through the sheer force of trying to swim—or, as Lamarck was so fond of saying, through their "besoin." But such cases are limited in number, and all are questionable because of the darkness which surrounds each particular circumstance. Mere need or desire will not produce a transmissible change of bodily structure, even if accompanied by active endeavor—not unless that need be noted elsewhere than within the organism itself, any more than the piety of parents suffices to rid their children of the curse of Adam. Something more than "besoin" was needed, even in earth's one blessed instance of such immaculate conception. This much even biology, which has really nothing to do with the matter, would lead one to admit.

Lamarck, all things considered, and especially in

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comparison with some of his modern successors, was admirably free from unwarranted speculation. Yet it can hardly be denied that he helped to lay the foundations for one of the most pernicious of present-day fallacies—the idea that nature somehow creates itself as it goes along, without a mystic force behind it. His "besoin" formula can so easily be construed as meaning that the act of swimming creates the organ with which to swim—as if the act could precede the agent! He deserted his Jesuit college a little too soon. He was, in fact, but sixteen when, left free by the death of his father to choose his own career, he yielded to a youthful desire to play soldier and enlisted in the French army for the Seven Years' War. He seems not to have been sufficiently impressed by the fact that Creative Force is required not only to bring the individual into being, or to modify it in response to "besoin" or otherwise, but even to sustain it from moment to moment. And so, though we find him extremely sensitive to those niceties with which creative force responds to the need for mutual adaptation among all things, and more especially of the living creature to its changing circumstances, we find him at the same time inventing the phrase "spontaneous generation." This clearly indicates that he was weak in philosophy, however excellent in botany and in morals. The notion of "spontaneous generation," of something brought about by the force of surroundings, themselves with no force but their own (and that nil) has, unfortunately, hung about the subject of biological evolution ever since.

Nevertheless, to Lamarck belongs the honor of having first supplied biology with a working principle whereby all natural forms could be grouped and classified for the purpose of study. Carl von Linné, better known as Linnaeus, the Swedish pioneer of systematology and nomenclature, used to classify plants according to the number of their stamens and pistils, and never got quite beyond putting one bush with another because both were obviously little trees, recognizing a hog as a hog because of its hoggish habits, and calling himself Carl because that was his name. The method, I believe, was inaugurated by Adam, who, as a practical gardener, knew what was most needed in this work-a-day world. Science, however, demanded an underlying principle other than convenience, and Lamarck found it in the principle of heredity. Granted that one species is related by sap or by blood to another, and the question of classification becomes merely that of constructing a family tree.

If now you wish to determine whether a given specimen is or is not of the bear family, you have but to find out the status of its ancestors among bears. The whale remains a vertebrate because it has a backbone, viviparous because it brings forth its young alive, a mammal because it has mammary glands—but these words belong to a more ancient classification which has been found to conform more or less to the new. The real reason why a whale is today called an animal rather than a fish is not because it has warm blood or breathes air, but because it is held to be more nearly related to land animals than it is to the finny tribe, its acquatic habits to the contrary notwithstanding. And the beauty of it all is that the theory works to the practical end of bringing order to an otherwise chaotic biology, whether an unbroken line of descent, beginning with a common ancestor and leading to whale and fish, is a fact or not. It is enough if a series of family resemblances can be traced, no matter by what means they were brought about.

Both Darwin and Lamarck taught that the series of resemblances to be observed throughout nature are due to genuine inheritance, and both thought that the differences to be observed are due to the accumulation and preservation of those minor variations which make all children slightly unlike their parents. Neither laid bare the cause of these variations. Darwin did not even have a theory. With him they were largely "given," and rendered advantageous or disadvantageous by the nature of the environment. Forced to abandon Lamarck's contention that they were caused in great measure by the transmission of habits and structural changes acquired in response to environment, he attempted to get along with such fluctuations in form as just happened, depending upon environment to kill off such as were not wanted and to cherish and magnify those that were. He might have found even this in Lamarck, but it was from the Essay on Population of Malthus, published in 1789, that he actually received the hint that starvation is chief weeder in nature's garden.

He carried the idea too far. Starvation indeed will kill, but it will not in itself create. It may increase the general average of fitness, but not the maximum. If it be an advantage to calves to have long necks, and thus be able to feed upon the leaves in the trees of the pasture, the herd (theoretically) will tend to have long necks—as long as the longest. But the longest does not become longer, either by stretching, à la Lamarck, or by the demise of the shorter, à la Malthus. The longer must be born, and starvation cannot become its father.

Nor did either Lamarck or Darwin actually prove that diverse species have a common ancestor. They described an accomplished fact, a creation arranged like a hierarchy, with lower and simpler forms appearing earlier than those more complicated and developed. The first evolutionist in this great sense was neither Lamarck nor Darwin, but Moses. It was Moses, too, who pointed out the common origin of all in the creative fiat of Deity. Whether the dust of the ground out of which the body of Adam was made first passed through other forms, or not, is a question of great biological interest. But to me—though I am willing to bow to the theologians in this matter—it seems of less philosophical and religious importance than is generally supposed. The bane of the modern evolutionary doctrine has always been the implication that the simian became human without anything in particular

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happening to it. This is equivalent to saying that there was an effect without a cause, or that the mere process or history of the development was itself the cause, which is absurd.

The biologist's problem, however, is to show that one species ever did come from another in the sense of being physically born from it. That there are variable species and so-called intermediate forms, everybody knows. And one would have to be singularly deficient, both in sight and perspicacity, who could pass through one of our natural history museums as now arranged without discovering that man looks more like one of the higher apes than like a tiger or a starfish. But nature has yet to be caught in the act of producing one specifically different creature out of the loins of another. It is not a mere "link" that is missing, but a whole chain of evidence. On several occasions this most interesting drama has been advertised as occurring, but in every instance subsequent investigations have shown that the parents were hybrids, crosses between allied forms, and that the supposed new species were but throw-backs, revealing ancestral traits temporarily repressed by mixed breeding.

More and more it becomes apparent that the great name in biology is that of Mendel, who first laid bare the complicated but definite laws of heredity, so that the visible traits of hybrids may, as to their general average, be mathematically calculated in advance. That his theory of "unit traits" was oversimplified is now generally admitted. The units are certainly much smaller than he supposed. But the importance of his discovery of latent traits in hybrids—traits of a more remote ancestor which are carried invisible in a parent only to appear undiminished in subsequent offspring—has not been fully realized even yet. For all the higher forms of life, springing as they do from two parents, each with different characteristics, are hybrid in a broad sense, and the effects of hybridization reach everywhere in the organic realm.

Evolution, as a process carried on unbrokenly from one generation to another, is therefore but a working hypothesis without experimental proof. As to man, the "evidence" consists solely in a bushel or so of very doubtful bones, tending to show that some men are somewhat more simian than others—which who shall dispute? In regard to species in general, the record shows such gaps that most biologists now look for sudden "mutations" rather than for heaps of accumulated, trifling variations to bridge them. That variations are seldom useful except in fully developed groups, is a fact (beautifully developed by the French entomologist, Fabre) in itself sufficient to overthrow the main contention of Darwin that it was "survival value" which shaped an evolution proceeding by tiny changes. But the actual genesis of "mutations," or sudden leaps—that is, the circumstances under which they have taken place is—dare I use the word?—unknown. How easily is a bush supposed a bear! How difficult for it to become one!

Everybody is an "evolutionist" in one sense or another. Must one be barred from admitting it simply because absurdities have been uttered in evolution's name? Or do we crave our "contest between science and religion," merely to relieve the tedium of our later years? If not, the whole evolutionary idea might be cleared up, observed facts set forth as observed facts, likely theories as likely theories, flowery conjectures as flowery conjectures, and damnable nonsense as damnable nonsense. Would it not even be possible to convince the modernist that the world was not in any sense created by the word "evolution"? Here, I think, lies an interesting adventure for some very patient and daring writer, caring for no insult and looking for no glittering reward.

RUSSIA'S HOLY SHRINES

By CATHERINE RADZIWILL

THE Soviet's attempt to destroy religion is also an attempt to wipe out of the unfortunate country all remembrances of the national glory which once was hers. Whole pages of Russian history have been torn when shrines like the Iberian Chapel in Moscow or the Isaac Cathedral in St. Petersburg have been either desecrated or removed from the spots where they have stood for centuries. The destruction of monasteries like the Petchersk cloister in Kieff, the Troitza convent near Moscow, and the Alexander-Nevsky one in St. Petersburg have destroyed associations one had thought would survive through centuries. These three famous shrines incarnated in themselves the three great periods of Russian history, the first one of which ended when the grand duke of Kieff became czar of Muscovy; the second which lasted from the days of the Tartar conquest to the accession of Peter the Great; while the third, the so-called St. Petersburg period, came to an end with the fall of the Romanoffs.

The most interesting of the three is undoubtedly the first one, during which Russia became converted to Christianity at Kieff on the banks of the Dnieper, the old Borysthenes of Roman and Greek times. Behind those banks is a hill range, high for the level steppes of Russia, and therefore called Kieff, "the Mountain." From the summit a magnificent prospect extends down the course of the river, up which, according to the ancient legend, came on his way from Sinope to Rome, Andrew, the Apostle of Greece and of Scythia; and as he rose in the morning and saw the heights of Kieff, he said: "See you those hills? For on those hills shall hereafter shine forth the grace of God. There shall

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be a great city, and God shall cause many churches to rise within it!" And so he passed on by the north to Italy.

This was the legendary beginning of what became in time the great Russian empire. Its real founder was Vladimir, pagan prince of Kieff, a descendant of the Norman Rurik. It was during his reign that the first Christian missionaries appeared in dark Russia. Approximately in the year 986 they held long conversations with Vladimir, who for a time wavered as to what he ought to do. Finally he accepted the invitation of Basil Porphyrogenete, emperor of Byzantium, and sent ambassadors to Czarograd, as Constantinople was called, with instructions to report to him what they had seen there in regard to religious worship. Basil, for reasons of his own, wanted an alliance with Vladimir; and he received his envoys with joy, leading them himself to Saint Sophia, the glorious church erected by Justinian. The Russians were so much struck by what they saw that they reported to Vladimir that they had heard angels sing hymns of praise to the Christian God. Vladimir was still hesitating, but as he was just then besieging the city of Kherson in the Crimea, he vowed he would be baptized if he succeeded in taking it. He then sent new messengers to the Emperor Basil, demanding from him the hand of his sister Anna, in marriage, under the promise of his own conversion, and, in case of a refusal, under the threat of doing to Constantinople what he had done to Kherson, most of the inhabitants of which he had slaughtered. With some difficulty Anna was induced to sacrifice herself to the barbarian prince who had himself forthwith baptized at Kherson, and then issued orders for a great general baptism of his people at Kieff. By his command the huge wooden idol Peroun was thrown into the Dnieper, where it was guided and pushed along the stream, till it finally disappeared down the rapids in a spot still known as the Bay of Peroun. The whole people of Kieff were immersed in the river, and the spot where this took place was consecrated by the first Christian church which in time was surrounded by a monastery, called Petchersk. This happened in the year 1010, Vladimir's baptism having taken place in 988. Kieff became henceforward the Canterbury of the Russian empire.

Vladimir had brought with him from Kherson to Kieff a picture of the Blessed Virgin, which was believed to have been painted by Constantine the Great, and which he deposited in the cathedral standing in the midst of the many buildings which were contained within the walls of the Petchersk monastery. It became known as Our Lady of Vladimir. When Ivan III, grand duke of Moscow, built the Church of the Assumption in the Moscow Kremlin as a lasting monument of his marriage with Sophy Paleologue, the daughter of the last emperor of Byzantium, in 1467, he wanted to have Our Lady of Vladimir brought to Moscow. The population of Kieff arose in protest, and serious consequences might have followed, had not the Virgin herself appeared to the aged Peter, metropolitan of Kieff, and told him not to worry, because he would find the next morning another ikon in place of the one he ought to allow Ivan to remove. This also happened, and ever since that time Kieff and Moscow have been quarreling in regard to the authenticity of their respective ikons, each of them claiming the possession of the one brought over from Kherson by Vladimir.

The Petchersk monastery was famous not only for the riches contained in its numerous churches, cathedrals and palaces, but also for its library where most precious Greek and Slavonic manuscripts were preserved, and also for the subterranean monastery which existed under it, a monastery inhabited by holy hermits who retired there for life, and never looked again at the light of the day after they had voluntarily immured themselves in their narrow cells. Food was thrown to them through holes in the floor of the great cathedral which occupied the centre of the convent, and it was only when one of these men died that the metropolitan of Kieff himself entered the cell which he had occupied, and threw a shroud over the body, after which the cell was sealed forever. The ground was supposed to preserve their remains from decay, and pilgrims frequently prayed before them.

The monastery was also the burial place of many illustrious Ukrainian families. Kotchoubey, the famous supporter of Peter the Great, whom Mazeppa caused to be beheaded, lies there, and Stolypine the celebrated Minister of Nicholas II is also buried in the beautiful cemetery overlooking the Dnieper, under the old walls which in the seventeenth century withstood the attacks of Chmielnicki's cossacks and of the Tartars of the Crimean khan. Now it has been dismantled, its churches have been closed, and its great cathedral turned into an antireligious museum. As for the ikon of Our Lady of Vladimir, no one knows what fate has befallen it.

It was the grand prince, or duke, Ivan I, who in the very midst of the Tartar invasion founded Moscow and built or rather began building the Kremlin at the instance of Peter, metropolitan of Kieff, later of Moscow. Thereby began the emancipation of the Russian Church from the patriarchate of Constantinople. At that time, also, was founded the monastery of Troitza, which up to the fall of the Romanoffs remained the chief sanctuary of the Russian Church. It is situated something like sixty miles from Moscow, amid vast forests where lived its founder, the holy hermit, Sergius of Radoneje, whose career is encircled with a halo of legend. He gathered around him a few companions, and they built the first of the many edifices which now compose the immense pile known as the Troitza (Holy Trinity) monastery. And it was there that Demetrius later called Donskoy, grand duke of Moscow, fled for safety, after having failed in his advance against the Tartars. Sergius blessed him, and told him to go fighting again, and sent him toward

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the Don to meet the enemy once more, giving him two of his monks for companions. These monks called Peresvet and Osliab, accompanied the prince to the field of battle, and fought in coats of mail drawn over their monastic habit.

Two other convents in the suburbs of Moscow preserved the recollection of that day. One was the Donskoy monastery, under the Sparrow Hills; the other was the Simonoff cloister, founded by the nephew of Sergius of Radoneje, on a beautiful spot chosen by the saint himself, and its earliest site was consecrated by the tomb which covered the bodies of his two warlike monks. Both monastery and cloister have been dynamited by the present rulers of Moscow.

From that day Saint Sergius stood out as the champion of Russia in its national recollections. It was from his convent that the noblest patriotic inspirations were drawn. When Ivan III wavered, as Demetrius had wavered, it was by the Archbishop Bassian, formerly prior of the Troitza convent, that he was driven to the field. The aged prelate asked:

> Dost thou fear death? Thou too must die as well as others; death is the lot of all, man, beast, and bird alike; none avoid it. Give these warriors into my hand, and, old as I am, I will not spare myself nor turn my back upon the Tartars.

Ivan returned to the camp, the khan of the Golden Horde fled without a blow, and Russia was set free forever from the Mongol yoke.

Later on, when the Poles had become masters of Moscow, and King Sigismund-Augustus entered the Kremlin as its master, the Trinity convent alone resisted his attacks. Its warlike traditions revived in the persons of its soldier-like monks. As Demetrius of the Don had received his blessing from Saint Sergius, so Prince Pojarsky and Minime, chief of one of the merchant guilds of Nijni—Novgorod—received their mission from the successor of Sergius, the Abbot Dionysius. The soul of the movement in the convent itself was the bursar, Abraham Palitzyn, who led the men who finally drove back the Polish assailants from the walls of the beleaguered fortress. The convent was for the time the whole of Russia, and its victory was the deliverance of Russia. Moscow was retaken, and in the Trinity monastery the prior presided at the council which terminated the war. This was in January, 1613, and six weeks later Michael Romanoff, the founder of his dynasty, was elected czar of Russia.

The Troitza monastery like the Moscow Kremlin combined the various institutions of monastery, university, palace, cathedral and churches, planted within a circuit of walls which by their height and strength indicate that it was built as a fortress as well as a convent.

Hither from all parts of the country, before the Bolsheviks closed it, came innumerable pilgrims. No emperor ever came to Moscow without praying before the relics of its saints. The terrible Ivan built at least half of its stately edifices. Peter the Great twice took refuge within its sacred walls. The office of its archimandrite, or abbot, was so high that it was never given to anyone but the metropolitan of Moscow. Its actual chief, the hegoumenos or prior, was himself one of the highest dignitaries of Russia, and lived in a style of magnificence almost equal to that of a sovereign. "Whence do you derive your support for all this state?" once asked the Emperor Nicholas I of the prior. The latter did not reply, only pointed to the chest which at that very moment, and at all hours of the day and night, was receiving the offerings of the long array of pilgrims.

The treasury of the convent contained diamonds, pearls and other precious stones which were supposed to exceed in beauty and value the famous Russian crown jewels. And there was a plain wooden chalice used by Saint Sergius. One wonders what can have become of it. It could not have tempted the cupidity of the Bolsheviks. Is it possible that they have thrown it away on the junk heap?

The glories and historical associations of Kieff were all centered in the Petchersk monastery, those of Moscow were identified with that of Troitza. Peter the Great, when he built his new capital on the banks of the Neva, realized that he should build another shrine, capable of drawing around it some at least of the people who were worshiping the saintly relics of the Kremlin, or of the old city which had been the scene of the nation's conversion to Christianity. Accordingly he founded, in the year 1724, the monastery of Alexander Nevsky whither he had brought and entombed under a magnificent sarcophagus of pure silver the relics of Saint Alexander Nevsky, who in 1246 had defeated the Swedes on the same field upon which arose the new convent. Very soon it became the necropolis of all the nobility and illustrious writers, poets and historians of the so-called St. Petersburg epoch. In the three cemeteries which it contains Dostoievsky, Gontcharoff, Karamzine are buried, Souvoroff rests, some of the Decembrists have found eternal peace. It is a beautiful spot; I was about to say, a holy spot.

It seems almost impossible that people have been found capable of destroying these monuments of the past. One is somehow reminded of the famous conversation of the French philosopher Diderot with the Archbishop Plato, when at the request of the great Catherine he came to dispute with him in this very Alexander Nevsky monastery, now in course of demolition. Diderot began his argument with the words "Non est Deus." to which Plato instantly retorted "Dixit stultus in corde suo, 'Non est Deus.'"

One Growing Deaf

The host of sounds that fill the air,
That do not come to me,
Are silver songs on muted strings
I consecrate to Thee.

SISTER M. EULALIA.

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I HUNT FOR A JOB

By PAUL BROWN

SEVERAL months ago a series of minor calamities overtook me which I still do not see how I could have prevented. They resulted in the loss of everything I owned except the clothes I stood in and for the first time in my life it was imperatively necessary for me to go to work—to hunt for a job as nearly everyone else has done at one time or another.

I had not been wealthy but prior to my misfortunes someone had always been taking care of me. When I was a child it was my mother. When I had attained the ripe and mature age of seventeen I entered the marine corps and thereafter all my wants were supplied automatically—food, clothing, shelter, medical attention, travel, adventure and even $15.00 a month in actual cash. At that age life could hold very little, it seemed.

As I continued in the marines the only material change in my situation was the increased pay I received as I rose in rank. Everything else remained the same. I had no worries, no cares for the future. It was safe. Even when I was unexpectedly retired for physical disability it worked no hardship for I had saved enough money to buy a small farm, furnish the house comfortably and my retired pay was adequate, if spent thriftily, to provide for myself and my family.

Like most service men I had a firm conviction that I could write. The only difference between me and the rest of them is that I actually tried to do so—and was more astonished than anyone else could possibly have been when I discovered that I could also sell what I wrote. I did not, of course, earn a great deal. Occasionally I managed to equal my meagre retired pay in a month during which I would have several articles or stories accepted, but not frequently. I am sure that I could not have relied upon it for a living.

Employment was never a factor in any of my considerations. It was a terrifying situation when I found that I had to work and my apprehension increased when I promptly discovered that I could do nothing which interested a possible civilian employer. I could shoot a rifle very well, a pistol well enough; I could ride anything I could get on and sail a small boat; in fact, I could navigate a ship, but it was worthless ability for I had none of the authoritative documents needed to get a job as mate or skipper of a merchant vessel—even if some owner had been willing to trust me with his ship, which was most improbable. The only thing I was sure I could do, and that not so very well, was to write.

Determined to sell my ability as a writer I went to the nearest large city—one of the four largest in the country—and tried to dispose of my only accomplishment. Every newspaper office in the city was visited and while I was cordially and courteously received by every city editor I received work from none of them. There was no hesitancy about telling me that there was no job for me, either, even though it was always done sympathetically. They frankly told me that my inexperience made no great difference but that conditions were such that they were obliged to reduce their staffs, rather than increase them. I believe it was true, for all the editors I saw were unanimous in deploring the situation. Rudyard Kipling probably would have been turned down again had he been looking for a job as a reporter.

It happened that I made the rounds of the newspaper offices the first day I was in the city. It was disappointing not to get work, but not particularly discouraging. I did not expect to get a job at once. I imagined it might be as long as a week before I really found employment.

To continue my quest I did the only thing I could think of; I bought all the papers on the news stands and searched the classified help-wanted columns. Nothing could have been more convincing, if anything had been needed, of my total unfitness from an employer's viewpoint. Some of the positions to be filled which were advertised were so strange to me that I did not even know what they were. There were wanted slaggers, shaggers and burners; bushelers, scrapers and tracers; skips, chippers and openers; even fixers—and never any explanatory text to intimate what the job really was. Evidently someone knew, for those advertisements always disappeared promptly and completely in the course of a day or two.

The only possible jobs I saw listed the first day I searched the classified columns was one for an investigator. I had done some work for the office of naval intelligence while in the marine corps and I felt qualified as an investigator. I went immediately to the address given and found a small, cheap credit store specializing in selling shoddy merchandise to foreigners at exorbitant prices. There were at least ten men already there for the job, waiting to be interviewed but I would not have taken the job if I could have gotten it—for I was informed that it required ability to compel people more poverty-stricken than I was to pay the balance of their delinquent accounts and to locate those who had moved away. I still had $60.00, and because of that, retained most of my ethics. Later I was to discover how difficult it is to retain personal ethics without $60.00 to cushion the possibility of their loss.

Later during the week I answered three advertisements for insurance men for debit work. The jobs consisted in taking a collection book and visiting all the company's policy holders in a given area to obtain their weekly premium, but I got none of them. Why,

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I cannot say. There were always crowds of men answering the advertisements for insurance jobs; they evidently were regarded as desirable. It was always necessary to complete a long questionnaire on which we supplied our personal history for the past ten years. Five references were also required and I hope the five friends whose names I always gave will eventually forgive me if they had to reply to as many queries as I suspect they did.

It soon became evident that experience in any given occupation seems to be the prime, and possibly the only requisite for future employment in the same capacity. I frequently applied for unimportant positions to be told bluntly that if I were inexperienced there was no need for me to make application. It was futile for me to insist that I was intelligent, or that the work involved in the job was manifestly simple. I probably impressed my prospective employers as being hopelessly inept or thoroughly stupid or both. I never discovered the exact effect.

The situation became serious. I needed money and needed it badly. I pawned my watch. It cost $60.00 when I bought it and I received $3.00 for it. Even so, with $3.00 I could eat. Two days later, after more fruitless job hunting, I pawned my overcoat. It too, had cost $60.00, but I received $20.00 for it. Apparently there was a better market for second-hand overcoats than there was for second-hand watches.

The city I was in is a seaport, where the United States Shipping Board maintains an employment bureau for the benefit of unemployed seamen. There was a very dirty room in an old building on the water-front with a long counter running its entire length nearly filled with a motley collection of idle sailors—white, black and brown. All were languidly scrutinizing a great blackboard behind the counter where a slovenly looking man in a filthy shirt would occasionally scrawl "A. B., to Calcutta on S.S. Sprite," or "Cook, to Bombay on S.S. Vixen" or "Ord. seaman, to Sidney on Motorship Perry." As the spirit moved them, there would be an occasional milling about of the mass of men and one of them would indifferently claim the job. The man in the soiled shirt would then cross it off the blackboard.

I approached him, intending to ask what I had to do to ship on any of the vessels leaving the port. He deliberately and intentionally ignored me and superciliously continued to do so until the utter futility of trying to get any information from him became evident. I left the place and later in the day wrote a letter to the local office of the Shipping Board asking for the information I desired. I have never received a reply.

As I passed through the hall of my rooming house the following morning I looked idly at the mail spread on a console just inside the vestibule. I didn't always, for I expected little, if any, mail. That morning there were two letters addressed to me and each in the envelope of a magazine publisher! Each contained a check! I had money again!

My watch and overcoat were procured promptly and that day I had a lunch that was a lunch. It restored my confidence in my ability to get a job and I remember wondering if possibly I had not been reflecting uncertainty in my attitude and thus defeating my own purpose. But warm and fed, I felt sure that I could get work. I still did not know what I might do but I was so confident that I determined to try whatever the classified telephone directory might indicate. In the restaurant, before leaving, I opened it at random —at Private Detective Agencies.

There were many of them. Shamelessly I tore the page from the directory and began a canvass of them all. Again I encountered questionnaires, dozens of them, of every kind and length. Three days were spent trying to become a private detective, without result. Perhaps it is just as well. Certainly I could not find a job; possibly even as a private detective, I could have found nothing else.

It became necessary to scrutinize the other classified advertisements very carefully. I saw what I considered mediocre men doing work that I was positive I would be able to do. Most of them were employed in stores, as clerks; in offices, as accountants, perhaps; and many of them as salesman, evidently prosperous. I decided that I would become a salesman. What I would sell seemed a matter of relative unimportance, as long as I was paid for doing it.

And that was the fly in the ointment. The advertisements, almost without exception, were most alluring. Large incomes were assured. Experience was unnecessary. Instruction would be provided. Demonstrations of actual selling would be given and the new salesman turned loose on his own to earn what he could—if anything—on a strictly commission basis. No sales, no pay. Effort meant nothing.

The advertisements were not all truthful. In fact, most of them described the duties of the men wanted as quite different from what they really were. One in particular was especially suave. It asked for men for agreeable sales work in stores, with demonstrating as a part of the job. It turned out to be a house-to-house canvassing proposition, with the glib excuse "all our store positions were filled at once almost before the advertisement appeared." Well, they may have been, but I was extremely sceptical.

Nevertheless, I tried several salesman's jobs. At first I attempted to sell newspaper advertising over the telephone. "Voice," according to the chap in charge, was the only requisite. We were to receive $5.00 for every sale we made. After a week's effort I had succeeded in convincing two merchants of the value of the scheme. A girl, "my secretary" in the selling talk which was on a mimeographed sheet attached to every telephone, was sent to get the checks for the advertisements and did so, I presume, for the advertisements later ran in the paper. I did not get the ten dollars I had earned, however, for there were vague explanations that she had to resell the proposition when she

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collected the money and consequently was entitled to the commission herself.

Books also came in for a whirl. I knew books and had gradually built up a library of nearly ten thousand volumes before it was swept away in the economic high wind which left me destitute. Nevertheless, with all my knowledge of books or my enthusiasm for them, I could convince no one—or essentially no one—that I had something to sell which they wanted or ought to want. In two weeks I earned $17.00. It was not enough. I looked for something else.

There was no place I could think of to look except in the employment agencies. It was like a new lease on hope to enter any of the large agencies, and I visited them all. The rooms were comfortably, even expensively furnished. In the first office there were little individual compartments where applicants for work could be examined and I was shunted into one of them after I had completed a form giving my life history from the time I was weaned.

Evidently, an opinion based upon the contents of the questionnaire I had completed would be that I had no occupation, no accomplishment of value, but the chap attempting to fit me into a job absolutely refused to consider that as even a remote possibility.

"Everybody must be something," he pronounced importantly. "You're someone, ain't you? Then you must be something! It must be right, mister. I wouldn't fool you." It sounded plausible, even if it was not convincing. I resigned myself to agreement with such certainty, and wondered what I was going to become now.

It was not long before I found out. He began looking importantly through a card index on his desk, occasionally registering deep thought as he glanced appraisingly at me as though he had just become aware of my presence.

"Ah," he puffed finally. "Here it is! You are an insurance man!" He positively beamed upon me as if all that was necessary to effect that transition was my acquiesence.

I nodded.

"This job pays from $4,000 up. Ask 'em for plenty. These pipple want an insurance executive to run their casualty office and you know all about it—don't forget that!"

"But I don't know anything about it," I objected.

"What difference does that make? Do you want a job or don't you?"

"Of course I do."

"Well, then! Now, all we need is the fee and I'll send you right down."

"The fee?" I asked, vaguely.

"Sure! The fee for getting you the job—one week's pay. Make your check for $50.00 and we can adjust it afterward if it ain't right. It's a good job, believe me," he urged, "I've known these pipple a long time and they'll treat you right."

"But if I don't get the job?" I complained.

"Then we'll give you the fifty back." He was positively bland.

It sounded reasonable enough. It was very evidently buying a job but I did not care so much about that as I had not been able to get one any other way. I still had just enough money left to write the check and then I was given the information I needed to see the "pipple" who needed an insurance executive. That, as it happened, is exactly what they wanted and naturally I was not employed.

I returned to the employment agency to get my money. Great was the surprise I met everywhere. No one seemed to know what had become of the check and they were sorry, but my money could not be returned until it was found. Perhaps that was true, for I left and never returned to ascertain. I merely stopped payment on the check.

That was a representative procedure of all the employment agencies I entered. The jobs were really bona fide, were frankly being sold and at outrageously high prices.

A newspaper in the city began a series of daily articles at this time regarding that very condition and frequently reported actual cases, with names, dates and figures showing that jobs commanded a price usually a little more than two weeks' pay. I learned, in a casual conversation with another job hunter, that an irate and desperate man had recently shot an employment agency owner for repeatedly deceiving him in connection with jobs which he had acquired—or failed to—through his agency.

At various times, while in the United States marine corps, I envied certain and sundry individuals whom I would meet—civilians in every case who seemed to do so very little and get such large rewards for it. Now I began to wish that I might return to the service. The standard marine corps jest that the initials of the corps meant Useless Sons Made Comfortable seemed to be based on fact in my own case.

Waterfall

I see it toss its spray over moss,
(And what is spray but water thinned
To a similitude of wind?)
I see it shower again and again
The delicate wild white cyclamen,
An ousel's nest on a brink of rock,
The ferns, the trees—
I drink with these. . . .
I gaze so long, so long
Its song
Is a part of my heart;
Its tongue, my tongue.
I see it break in the sun and glisten.
I listen. . . .
I look and listen and listen
Till I no longer am any man's daughter—
I am the water.
I am the water.

ETHEL ROMIG FULLER.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The Green Pastures

NO PLAY of recent years has loosed such a torrent of emotional praise from at least one section of the critical press as The Green Pastures by Marc Connelly. The vocabulary of several of our leading critics seemed to crack under the strain of trying, for the first time in months, to express a genuine stir of feeling and intellect. Only here and there—as in the conspicuous case of John Mason Brown of the Post—was the small voice of discrimination raised to point out the ways wherein Mr. Connelly had failed to achieve a masterpiece of classic proportions.

This, I submit, is an unusual state of affairs. Our press critics are not easily reduced to an emotional pulp, nor easily prodded to a sincerity of praise which, by their own confession, beggars words. Yet the play which has done this, and more, is simply a representation of the Negro's idea of heaven and of the world in the days when "God walked the earth in the likeness of a man." In view of some objections I shall have to make to the method and to certain underlying ideas of the play, it is only fair to let the author state his purpose in his own patently sincere words. The play is an attempt, writes Mr. Connelly, "to present certain aspects of a living religion in the terms of its believers. The religion is that of thousands of Negroes in the deep South. With terrific spiritual hunger and the greatest humility these untutored black Christians—many of whom cannot even read the book which is the treasure house of their faith—have adapted the contents of the Bible to the consistencies of their everyday lives."

Further, they "accept the Old Testament as a chronicle of wonders which happened to people like themselves in vague but actual places, and of rules of conduct, true acceptance of which will lead them to a tangible, three-dimensional heaven. In this heaven, if one has been born in a district where fish frys are popular, the angels do have magnificent fish frys through an eternity somewhat resembling a series of earthly holidays. The Lord Jehovah will be the promised Comforter, a just but compassionate Patriarch, the Summation of all the virtues His follower has observed in the human beings about him. The Lord may look like the reverend Mr. Du Bois, as our Sunday school teacher speculates in the play, or He may resemble another believer's own grandfather. In any event, His face will have an earthly familiarity to one who has come for his reward."

Now the most conspicuous failure of The Green Pastures lies in not achieving this very simple theme which Mr. Connelly outlines with such clarity and sympathy—a theme, certainly, to which no one familiar with the mediaeval morality and miracle plays could take exception. The veil between the finite and the infinite will always be such that man will seek to represent the unknown, whether in art or in the recesses of his mind, as somehow like the known. Even the most abstract philosophers and the most advanced scientists cling to the need of objective illustration of their ideas. The upheaval in science today is largely due to the difficulty of creating mechanical models of the atom. Philosophers living in space and time have had the utmost concern in trying to find words to describe concepts of God in terms that imply neither space nor time. Anthropomorphism is purely a matter of degree and not—as those who gently patronize the illiterate Negro imply—a distinct cleavage in viewpoint between the primitive and the educated. We can afford, then, to treat the mental images of the Negro with sympathy, understanding and tenderness. We may discard all thought of irreverence in the gentle familiarity these images imply with things divine. But what we can not accept, either emotionally or intellectually, is a mixture of images, a scrambling of pictures we may easily ascribe to the Negro mind of the deep South with pictures obviously concocted, on behalf of the Negro, by a sophisticated mind of New York. This is a sin against real simplicity—and it is this which mars what might have been the great beauty of Mr. Connelly's work.

The pattern of the play starts with a Sunday school lesson on the book of Genesis for a group of Negro children. One of them asks what God looks like. The preacher replies that no one knows exactly, but that he himself has always imagined God must look like the Reverend Mr. Du Bois, a famous Negro preacher of his own youth. Soon after this, the scene shifts to heaven—during one of those celestial fish frys Mr. Connelly mentions in his explanation. It is, of course, a Negro heaven, in which the Lord moves about in the dignified semblance of old Mr. Du Bois in a frock coat. From then on, we follow the scenes of creation, of the fall of man, of the Deluge and the Ark, of the exile in Egypt and of the winning of the promised land—all in terms of supposedly Negro images in which the modern and the ancient are mixed with a forced naïveté. Some of the scenes are simple and moving, the more so because of the dignity and directness with which they are acted by the Negroes who compose the cast, and because of the rich accompaniment of Negro spirituals. But the general mood—and here is something which must be felt even more than sensed through reason—is one of unconscious patronizing, as if the author were constantly asking the audience the question "Isn't this childlike simplicity utterly charming and captivating?"

Moreover, there are many scenes in which the images, as I have suggested, are distinctly false. I can only compare them to the rich man's idea of "roughing it"—to that deliberate effort at simple living which consists in traveling back to nature in a Pullman car, in hiring an expert chef as camp cook, and in calling a steam-heated log cabin a "shack." In other words, many of the scenes have a spurious simplicity forced upon them, a feeling which is not simple at all but, under surface appearances, highly complex and mentally exacting. Other scenes again have a distinctly satirical twist; and throughout the play there is a lack of that solemn grandeur which, in my limited experience, even the most uneducated Negro mind attributes to things divine. It is characteristic of the truly simple mind to exaggerate greatness, to run to excess in hero worship. It is the boy brought up in the slums who imagines every rich man's house to be a marble and gold palace. It may be, as Mr. Connelly indicates, that the Negro imagines the business office of the Lord to be a tiny room with a couple of stiff-backed chairs and a roll-top desk; but I doubt it. The majesty and panoply of the throne are much more in keeping with the dreams of the naive and the humble. It is precisely the sophisticate who suspects behind the trappings of royalty the banal domestic life of the king. The simple or the childlike mind conceives the king at breakfast in ermine and wearing his crown. I cannot imagine, then, that the Negro, even of the deep South, thinks

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of Jehovah in commonplace surrounding, any more than the Jewish people themselves expected the King of Kings to be born in a manger. It is the person of Christ—with Whom this play does not deal—Whom the mind of the child clothes in the familiar simplicity of humble friendship.

None of these defects of authorship and idea can, however, rob the play of the deep sincerity of its acting by the Negro cast. It is the powerful and sturdy directness of their work, I am sure, which has done the most to stir an emotional response. They reflect the substance of a faith in their every action, and this alone, in a day of doubt and unbelief, comes almost with the impact of a revelation. At various incongruous moments in the play, one feels very much as if their inner integrity were being violated and exploited. Certainly Marc Connelly has not produced this effect intentionally. But faith, no matter how humble, can never be truly and honestly conveyed except by those who share it, if not in its pictorial images at least in its flaming essence, if not in its particular idiom then certainly in its universal language. The Green Pastures impresses one, rightly or wrongly, as being written by a playwright who undoubtedly has a deep respect for but does not share the essential qualities of the faith of the Negro people. (At the Mansfield Theatre.)

The Art of Mei Lan-Fang

THE rather sensational success in New York of China's famous actor, Mei Lan-Fang, may be attributed to two things besides mere novelty or curiosity. His is an art derived from sources so ancient that it is bound to convey universal impressions. It is also an art brought to life with such minute perfection that it stimulates the direct response of mind to ordered beauty.

At least seven hundred years of unbroken tradition lie behind the conventions of classical Chinese drama. Certain gestures, certain details of costume and make-up and certain stage properties have come to represent certain well-understood realities as clearly as if they were printed labels. I understand that Mr. Mei objects to the word symbolism as describing these conventions and prefers the word patternism—largely because symbolism in western civilization has what he considers a cruder significance. He feels that Chinese theatrical conventions are the result of abstracting from a certain reality its essential pattern, whereas western symbolism consists more in representing some object or emotion by some quite different object. This, however, is a very fine distinction even if it is, in any sense, a true one. It is quite sufficient to acknowledge that the Chinese drama seeks to convey the most universal elements of action and emotion, by not confusing them with particular time or place or form, and that this effort is successful even to occidental eyes.

Mr. Mei's own work—which consists in portraying the universal elements in female characters—has, in general, the perfection of a highly traditional religious ceremony or dance. It is this perfection of execution, added to certain personal innovations, which the Chinese audience most admires, and to which a western audience can also respond as it might to the perfection and style of an exquisite Chinese print. Mr. Mei creates images beautiful in themselves and not demanding a comparative standard of appraisal. His grace of movement is a universal grace. The detail of his gestures has inherent beauty. We are not asked, as in much modern art, to see beauty within ugliness. The sureness of his artistry surmounts the barriers which exist between East and West. (At the National Theatre.)

COMMUNICATIONS

A CATHOLIC LINK BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND HOLLAND

Boekelo (Ov.) Holland.

TO the Editor:—Some years ago a signal blessing was bestowed by His Holiness Pope Pius XI on the Church in the United States in the beatification of the Jesuit missionary Isaac Jogues, who suffered martyrdom for the Faith at the hands of the Indian tribes.

Isaac Jogues was the first Catholic priest who ever came to what is now New York, but even his geographic fame carries much further, as Baucroft calls him "one of the first missionaries to preach the Gospel a thousand miles in the interior." He endured untold hardships and trials, before he was finally put to death by the Iroquois.

Although a native of France, one of the most momentous episodes in his life links this venerable pioneer of Catholic America to Holland. As soon as he was captured and put to degrading work as a slave of the tribe, "two Hollanders on horseback came to the village and tried to ransom him, but the Iroquois would not listen," as the reports of the Jesuit missionaries tell.

The Dutch, who about that time after the foundation of New Amsterdam (now New York) had a settlement, Fort Orange (now Albany) on the west bank of the Hudson, later on arranged for a secret flight and hid him in one of their ships until they, as the chronicles again tell us "had appeased the barbarians who would use him as object for their fury, with presents."

Father Jogues could then proceed to Manhattan, where the Protestant Dutch pastor, Johannes Megapolensis, "exercised much kindness and charity" and the Dutch Governor Kieft, although of the Reformed religion, treated the martyred missionary with the greatest consideration, gave him decent clothing, placed him on his right at table and, later on, sent him with an almost affectionate letter of recommendation to Europe, where he landed at Plymouth on Christmas Eve, 1643. Returning the next year, he was soon captured again by the tribes and met his death.

Once a queen of France, hearing of him, expressed the desire to meet him: "Romances are feigned," she said, "but here is a genuine combination of great adventures."

Such was the more frivolous interest of that age. But nowadays, after three centuries, Isaac Jogues is venerated not only as New York's patron saint, but honored by the whole of Christendom.

Pious Dutchmen, although fervently protestant, once fell on the ground and kissed the mangled hands of the martyr on the soil of Manhattan, then a part of Holland.

Is it to be wondered that this historic link, as great as it is pious, has not altogether been forgotten by the present Dutch generation?

Sometime ago the writer was charged by the archbishop of Utrecht to organize a new parish at Boekelo in the province of Overyssel. It is a place of new textile plants and of recently discovered salt mines, with no church building yet, no vicarage, no school.

The writer was captivated by the pulse of American life which he learned to know on visiting the Chicago Eucharistic Congress. Now Boekelo, one day, might become a little America in the aspects of its labor and industry. In one way it has already achieved something American, by planning to erect within its parish-church—of which the first stone was laid a

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month ago—"the first European shrine in honor of Isaac Jogues, America's early martyr saint."

Will Catholic Americans, rightly proud of their great present, recall the heroic past in which missionaries from Europe played so great a rôle? Will they offer some help to realize in brick a vision of that great spiritual link which in Isaac Jogues and his shrine, unite the States with far-away little Holland?

Will Catholic Americans thereby follow the lead which the former (Catholic) United States Minister to Holland and the present (Protestant) Dutch Minister at Washington so magnificently gave?

REV. J. H. SCHNEIDER.

MINORITIES IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—I have been decidedly impressed, not so much by what Mr. Joseph A. Skoda-Scribner wrote in his letter of January 22 (though his intention appeared good, his method was wrong) but by the nature of his citations culled from the Jednota (Unity) a Slovak Catholic weekly published by the First Catholic Slovak Union in America, and another newspaper called the Slovak, an official publication of the Slovak Catholic People's Party in Slovakia. Unfortunately neither of these newspapers are in a position to assume authority or a claim to direct knowledge of the internal affairs of Czecho-Slovakia. Of course one cannot hold them responsible for their plight, for practically every word of news leaving the Czecho-Slovak republic is subject to a thorough slashing which is rigorously administered by the Czech censor. It is a notorious fact which no American Slovak editor will deny. How then do the various Slovak newspapers in America, including the Jednota, avail themselves of news particularly of a political nature? Simply by culling from Slovakian newspapers sent here from abroad, and from the large American dailies.

The Slovak newspapers leaving Slovakia for the various parts of the world (I repeat from my first letter to The Commonweal) carry little of value worth the readers' attention because of Czech censorship. Yet my correspondent, while attempting to supply us with real facts concerning political matters in Czecho-Slovakia, has failed to observe this, and instead ascribes all that he had to say upon the subject to the Jednota because that paper had culled from the Slovak, another publication, and that the Slovak attributes Professor Vojetch Tuka's imprisonment to a religious wrangle (ye gods) instead of a political one; then he tells us that I have a particular fondness for the word "melodrama," that the Pittsburgh pact, an agreement between the Czechs and the Slovaks that was supposed to render for the Slovaks an autonomous constitution, is a farce (a proof that has long been furnished, even by myself, with painful frequency) and that while the Slovaks are not at all interested in the above Pittsburgh pact, they would welcome a "Slovak free state," and to reinforce his resource he says: "And what is more, Mr. Joseph Husek who edits the Jednota is quite satisfied with the thought of a free Slovakia 'mysilenka samostatneho Slovenska' in spite of the fact that he has been one of the signers of the Pittsburgh agreement"; (what a dilemma!) and in fine, that some stupid witness had confessed that once the Slovaks are granted their freedom they would immediately revolt against the Czecho-Slovak republic; and that that is the whole affair which for the last ten years has been playing havoc within the Czecho-Slovak republic.

I have personally studied conditions of the Slovaks here and abroad for nearly twenty years, and in addition to that I am of Slovak ancestry. However, for the immediate present, the most important thing in connection with this writing is to substantiate all that I have written in The Commonweal on January 8 of this year, and for the sake of space, I will but cite dates and quote captions.

"Trial of Professor Tuka for High Treason Emphasizes Slovak Autonomy Move." (New York Times, July 25, 1929.)

"Anti-Czech Leader Up for High Treason as Crowds Storm Tribunal." (New York Evening Post, July 29.)

"Tuka Calls Charges Historical Romance and Autonomy His Sole Aim—Father Hlinka Backs Him." (New York Times, July 29.)

"Treason Trial of Professor Tuka Arouses Czechs." (New York Morning World, July 29.)

"Says Tuka Urged Break-up of the Czecho-Slovak Republic." (New York Times, August 8, 1929.)

"Slovak Party Secretary Says Press Bureau Misrepresents the Tuka Trial." (New York Times, August 9.)

"Tuka Insists Treaty Upholds His 'Treason.'" (New York Times, August 13.)

"Father Hlinka Tells Bratislava Court that Tuka Trial Is to Crush the Move of Slovak Autonomy." (New York Times, August 26.)

"Tuka Gets Fifteen-Year Term—Slovakian Leader Is Sentenced in Prague for High Treason." (Chicago Tribune, October 5, 1929.)

The above items are but a few of a hundred which I have on hand, and which have appeared in the form of news and editorials. If they give any indication of a religious wrangle between the Czechs and the Slovaks, I fail to see it.

STEPHEN J. PALICKAR.

THE COMMONER

Louisville, Ky.

TO the Editor:—I have just read the critical review by Dr. John A. Ryan on the biography of William Jennings Bryan, by Hibben and Gratton.

Dr. Ryan commenting on the resolution before the New York convention in regard to the Ku Klux Klan says that Bryan's speech on that occasion was "probably the shallowest and most tortuous that he ever delivered." Mr. Bryan in the committee said many times that he was willing to make the resolution as strong as anyone could desire but that he was opposed to naming this or any other organization by name as they were not entitled to be dignified in this manner. In this stand Mr. Bryan was only following precedent, as the Democratic platform in 1856 did not mention the Know-Nothings by name. Mr. Bryan had been a candidate for President in 1896 and caused to be inserted a vigorous plank in the platform condemning religious intolerance and referred to it in his speeches in that campaign. This plank did not refer to the A. P. A. by name. The Republican platform in a cowardly way did not mention this issue.

Dr. Ryan also comments on the frivolous character of the books contained in Mr. Bryan's library. After the death of Mr. Bryan I read a letter from his widow saying that among Mr. Bryan's cherished possessions was a copy of the Catholic Encyclopedia and she wished to present it to some institution and requested suggestions, one of which was carried out. How many statesmen of today who are non-Catholics have this great work in their libraries?

SAMUEL J. BOLDRICK.

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NEW YORK REVISES

Albany, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—May I thank you for your courtesy in sending me a copy of The Commonweal of February 12, 1930, in which appeared your editorial regarding the New York Telephone Company case? Your comments upon this question are conservative and express the situation clearly and fairly. There is just one point upon which I would like to remark. You say: "Under existing conditions, companies seeking raises have gone to a distant judge who thus automatically became the arbiter of a question about which he could, in the nature of things, know very little."

I think a statement of this character goes very far to disturb public opinion and influence that opinion in taking what may be a prejudiced attitude toward the United States courts.

The New York Telephone Company in appealing to the federal courts has not gone to a "distant judge." The action was brought in the New York City district and the preliminary proceedings were heard by a resident judge of the district.

It was not found entirely feasible, I am informed, to organize the statutory court which passed upon the last New York Telephone Company proceeding with a membership consisting entirely of judges who resided in the New York district, this being due to the fact that judges who did live there were preoccupied with other work, or there was some special reason why they did not care to serve upon that statutory court. But this opinion was written by Judge Manton, whose knowledge of local and state-wide conditions will not be questioned.

I do not offer this as a criticism of your article, but merely that you may know the facts.

WILLIAM A. PRENDERGAST.

LOGIC IN NEW YORK

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Weren't you a bit cruel to poke fun at the logic of an obscure professor from far-away Kansas? After all he is a professor; was talking about rabbits; and arguing from analogy. I refer to an editorial in The Commonweal of January 29.

But why go to Kansas? Won't New York do? And why pick on an obscure professor? Won't a "leading" columnist do? As for bad-tempered bunnies, you may put them aside also. The Pope's encyclical will serve.

Taste, please, this delicious morsel of reasoning served the readers of the New York Telegram, January 18. Mr. Heywood Broun quotes thus from the encyclical: "They err gravely in not recognizing the innate frailty of human nature and also in neglecting the experience which warns us that sins against morality are not so much the result of intellectual unpreparedness as of a weak will exposed to temptation and unsupported by grace." From this clear, plain, even trite statement, that sins are not so much the result of one thing as of another, would your Kansas professor conclude: "therefore they are mutually exclusive"? Listen to Heywood's conclusion: "The Pope seems to say that intellectual preparedness and reliance on the grace of God are mutually exclusive."

Under the aegis of "seems" the column is then spiced with the usual dressing of Canon Chase, Anthony Comstock, Mr. Sumner, all served à la Broun. "If I read the Pontiff's meaning aright he has gone completely over to the Puritan cause," says Mr. Broun, and then forthwith introduces an amen chorus from Calvin, Knox and Company.

M. M. S.

BOOKS

The Hero of Texas

The Raven: A Biography of Sam Houston, by Marquis James. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. $5.00.

THE new school of biography has many blemishes, and yet occasionally there comes along a very admirable product written under its influence, which evens the balance of a score of shabby pot-boilers. In The Raven, Mr. Marquis James has written a biography which deserves to endure. One discovers few of the heresies of the modern school. There is no attempt at omniscience. Mr. James does not assume to know the inner thoughts of his characters. He does not pretend to interpret their lives from random dreams of childhood. He does not insist upon forcing an economic interpretation on every episode of history. He does not make his account of his main character's life story merely the vehicle for dragging in endless stories of scandal and of smut. On the contrary, The Raven is a colorfully written, carefully documented and sympathetically depicted account of one of the unique characters in the making of these United States.

Sam Houston deserves a vivid and a truthful presentation, for his career can well be said to have changed the course of American destiny. A man not without idiosyncrasies, and not without the vices of his day and generation, he possessed to a superlative degree those qualities of courage, both physical and moral, which were so essential in the upbuilding of the West.

When he was a little boy, Sam's mother gave him a ring, which he wore throughout life; when he died, on the inside of the ring was found engraved the one word: "Honor." It is one key to his career.

The title of the book arises from an episode of Houston's boyhood. His widowed mother and her large family had moved from Virginia to Blount County, in east Tennessee. Civilization there was rude and schooling unbelievably scanty. It is little wonder that young Sam preferred the civilization of the Cherokee Indians; they on their part were charmed with the boy who lived with them for months on end. He was adopted by a noble chief, and was given an Indian name, Co-lon-neh, a mystic Cherokee word for raven. The impact of his Indian experience affected Houston's after life, and it imbued him with a rare understanding of and sympathy for the Indians, always being cheated, debauched and plundered by the agents of the Great White Father in Washington.

Mr. James describes simply and with rare restraint the amazing episode of Sam Houston's first marriage; although he adds little new to what is already known about him, he removes from it much of the sordid and the sensational. It simmers down to this. The young governor of Tennessee, already preparing to follow in the footsteps of his idol, Andrew Jackson, found that his wife had married him in spite of her love of another man. His proud spirit would not endure the thought of holding a woman who loved another in bondage to him, so he resigned his gubernatorial chair, abandoned his career and departed for the West. Mr. James well says that this strange sense of chivalry, this almost Quixotic gesture, changed the phase of American politics, and eventually led to the independence of the republic of Texas, and to great changes in the American scene.

Space does not permit even a brief limning of Houston's colorful career. But it must be added that Mr. James has given a singularly appealing account of the sunset of the life of this gallant warrior. How he set his face against the break-up of the union. How he ran for governor of Texas on a plat-

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form of peace and charity. How he refused to take the oath to a secession confederacy, and endured the wrath of an ebullient revolution rather than shirk his devotion to the stars and stripes.

Indeed, it is a rare book, this biography, and one which well deserves a wide and general sale. In certain minor points Mr. James seems to me to have missed the truth. He does not accord the full due of merit to the Whigs who opposed the Texas annexation. For really they saw into the future with an almost prophetic vision that the annexation of Texas would bring war in its wake; not only the war with Mexico, but the seeds of war within the union. Mr. James likewise dismisses lightly the northern Free-Soilers' convention that America had no real and legitimate cause for declaration of a state of war with Mexico in 1846. The burden of proof makes the conclusion almost inescapable that Polk made use of flimsy pretext to order the Mexican war. One regrets too, the title The Raven. Although a colorful word, it is not generally recognized as descriptive of Sam Houston, and has a somewhat novelistic touch which is far from being borne out by the careful record of documented fact which is to be found within the book.

GEORGE FORT MILTON.

The Roman Question

Peter's City, by Thomas Ewing Moore. London: Harding and More, Limited.

MR. MOORE, formerly secretary of the American embassy at Rome, has written a well-documented account of the Roman question's origin, development and solution. He begins by tracing the history of the papal sovereignty since it was attacked by the French in 1796. The utterances of English statesmen in regard to the importance of the Pope's independence, and the essential shortcomings of the Law of Guarantees, are the most interesting matters dealt with in these chapters. In the account of the Lateran Treaty which follows, it seems scarcely accurate to describe Cardinal Gasparri's announcement of a modus vivendi on February 7, 1929, as "like a thunderclap," since the press had given well-founded statements to the world before the end of the previous year. Speeches by the Holy Father and the Duce are quoted at length in justification of their agreement. Among such utterances the following words of Pius XI are supremely noteworthy. "We are pleased," said the Pope to the Lenten preachers of Rome, "that the material domain is reduced to such a minimum that one can speak of it, and one should consider it as spiritualized by the immense, sublime, divine spirituality which it is destined to support and to serve." The words are a conclusive answer to the captious apprehensions of those to whom no papal action can be other than sinister.

The chapter on Fascism and the Church gives us the Fascist catechism, a statement of doctrine whose extreme nationalism and complete disregard of individual rights seem to Mr. Moore nothing more than "Latin exuberance." Indeed, though the author says of Fascist patriotism that it "approximates to a national intoxication," he has no other word of criticism for the Duce's régime. Possible, not to say probable, causes of friction between Church and state in the future, as well as the very serious reprimands which the Holy Father has already felt obliged to administer, are alike ignored. A thorough study of the situation should surely consider such obvious clouds on the Roman horizon, though hopes for their dissipation are no doubt well justified. There is above all the fact that Mussolini, whatever he may say, has in practice admitted a power within the state which is not under the domination of Leviathan.

The book's later chapters contain a historical sketch of the Pope's temporal sovereignty, followed by descriptions of the Vatican City and Castel Gandolfo, and by brief biographies of the Popes since Pius IX. In that of Benedict XV, the mention of Monsignor Kelley, now Bishop of Oklahoma, in connection with the negotiations attempted during the peace conferences, is of particular interest to American readers. Appendices contain the texts of relevant documents.

Mr. Moore's volume, which is handsomely printed and well illustrated, is essentially a compilation. It is entirely conventional in style and its thoughts remain pretty well on the surface of the great events with which it deals.

T. LAWRASON RIGGS.

Aristocracy Indicted

Coronet, by Michael Komroff. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $3.00.

THE parts of Mr. Komroff's novel impress one as being much more considerable than the whole. As an exposé of aristocracy, it sets forth an indictment which is neither very novel nor—in spite of its solid usefulness as a corrective of the simple romantic snobbery of the past—completely adequate.

That social power has always depended largely on material power, and that material power has always depended largely on avarice or chance, cannot be gainsaid. But it can and should be supplemented, if we are ever to exchange the mere childish delight of despising the aristocrat for the somewhat more exacting and disciplined pleasure of understanding him. His material origins and his personal deficiencies, most of all his fatal tendency to be brutalized or corrupted by privilege, must be weighed against the formal ideal that sustained the type during the centuries when it was an organic social force, giving it a worshipful character in the eyes of the many and investing it with the semi-sacramental responsibility which lingers on today in the tag, noblesse oblige.

There is no such nobility in the long stretch of Mr. Komroff's narrative. The first owner of the little golden crown which figures throughout as the symbol of seigniory is the count of Senlis who marries the Fugar millions in the sixteenth century. The final owner is his descendant who, with the business aid of the descendants of the original count's scavenger, bags an heiress in post-war Chicago. In between are a succession of grabbers, thieves, wasters, fantastics, even honest bourgeois—but no one, by any chance, who conceives even cloudily that he must pay for place and power by any sort of reciprocal obligation. Yet, though the thesis is not real enough to make a commanding unity of the book, sections of it do quite extraordinarily come alive. Mr. Komroff undoubtedly has high gifts for narration: humor, balance, a sense for both space and detail, and the vivid and simple style of the classic story-teller. The picture of Napoleon's Moscow campaign, though more particular in intention, is worthy of being set beside The Dynasts. There are other things equally memorable: Balzac's life in Paris; the characterization of the foolish, good-natured Count Burin, ennobled for acting as the czar's go-between with a French actress; the final brief and malicious sketch of an American millionaire.

The coronet is not the only symbol to appear. There is also a silver whip, which stands for chastisement and the ultimate invincibility of the humiliated. This is a genuinely mystical idea, but it never really takes root in the story. The silver whip does no service beyond suggesting it to the author, and gets buried, in the end, in a dead scoundrel's boot.

MARY KOLARS.

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Sacred Literature

The series of lectures on Sacred Art at the Pius X School of Liturgical Music will be continued on March 28, by Rev. Cornelius Clifford, S.J., who will discuss Sacred Literature. Having lectured on St. Thomas of Aquin and The Problem of Western Mysticism on March 14, he has chosen The Significance of John Duns Scot as his second subject.

Author, educator and lecturer, Father Clifford has devoted a lifetime to the study and teaching of the classics. At Innsbruck, Louvain and St. Bruno's while training for the priesthood, he was also laying the foundation for his future literary work. His books, which include Introibo, The Burden of the Time, Studies in the Development of Catholicism, evidence his profound knowledge of the subject which he has chosen in the series. Nor has his recognition been confined to the Catholic Church for he has been for many years a member of the post-graduate faculty of Columbia University.

Future lectures will be given by Bancel La Farge on Sacred Painting.

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Student Welfare

Problems of Student Guidance, by Maurice S. Sheehy. Philadelphia: The Dolphin Press. $2.00.

THIS book is "a study of administrative attitudes and current guidance practices prevalent in American Catholic colleges." It is based upon a coöperative investigation of thirty-seven Catholic colleges, the work being directed and the results from the study organized and presented in this form by Dr. Maurice S. Sheehy.

The author starts with the premise that "the first step in educating college students is not teaching them: it is learning them." His chapter on the problem of learning the college freshman and the one following on pre-registration practices constitute a very able treatment of the whole question of getting the necessary information for an intelligent program of guidance. Subsequent chapters deal with the first steps in a guidance program which include freshman-week orientation programs, initiatory courses, religious orientation, supplemented by a number of interesting case studies. Chapters on Guidance through Discipline, The Problem of a Plan of Life, Guidance of Students through Students, and Guidance in Religious Matters, present very forcibly these different phases of a competent guidance program. The last chapter presents a Program of Guidance for Catholic Colleges, and proposes an organization involving a department of student welfare, a placement bureau, health and psychiatric service, a staff of advisors, a director of admission and confession—but emphasizing the student guidance of students throughout. The chapter on this topic should be read by every college teacher and administrator.

One is impressed by the progressive character and spirit of the Catholic colleges in this connection. The book is a real contribution in a field too little and too poorly understood among college people. The case studies greatly enhance the validity of such a survey and the chapter-end bibliographies are carefully selected. The book could well be used by college faculties interested in organizing programs of guidance—a much-needed reform in many colleges and universities.

J. O. CREAGER.

Since Serajevo

Europe since 1914, by F. Lee Benns. New York: F. S. Crofts and Company.

IT IS only through such a summary and survey as this that it is possible to coördinate and classify the significant and varied, the scattered though interrelated facts of world history during the last fifteen years. Many such surveys have appeared in many languages, and, though presented from widely different points of view, they have this in common, that they are planned to present the subject in a series of pictures covering different periods and different localities. Only in such a fashion is it possible to avoid the merely annalistic method and to present a connected narrative on the basis of such an abundance of fact. It is too soon for a thorough genetic history of the subject. The present author does occasionally venture into the field of speculation with no particular advantage to his narrative. Generally, however, he confines himself to a bald recital of fact. Nobody is of course under the obligation of paying any attention to his opinions. That the work contains inconsistencies, inadequate statements of fact and some inaccuracies goes without saying.

There are in the book just a few references to the countries that did not take part in the war—Holland, the Scandinavian

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countries and Spain. The others are dealt with in a manner that the limits of space allowed. Curtailment of statement can be understood, but it can be carried to the extent at times of being misleading, as for instance in saying that the Gallipoli campaign was carried on by a force made up chiefly of inexperienced Australian, New Zealand, Indian and French colonial troops. The work is a useful summary for those who are too young to remember war times and for those who desire to refresh their recollection of what happened.

PATRICK J. HEALY.

Pollyanna in Economics

Economic Democracy, by Robert S. Brookings. New York: The Macmillan Company. $1.50.

THIS volume comprises ten papers, almost all of which had been published previously in magazines or in newspapers. Only one of them, that headed Industrial Management, deals directly and specifically with the subject denoted by the title of the book. Big Business and the Public, Trade Relations and Agriculture, Education for Political Leadership, are typical of all the rest of the papers in their failure to fall directly under any such head as Economic Democracy. In the relatively long preface and long introduction, the author gives an interesting account of his own career as a business man, his viewpoints and some of his fundamental economic beliefs. The latter are probably more progressive than the views of the majority of business men. However, there is nothing in this volume, nor in the companion volume previously published by the author entitled Industrial Ownership, to substantiate his statement in the introduction that the "saving wage . . . has grown to a size which is rapidly making capitalists of all our workers." In as much as at least one-third, and possibly one-half, of the workers do not receive the "saving wage," this statement by Mr. Brookings obviously represents desire and hope rather than actuality.

In the paper on Industrial Management the author advocates employee representation on the board of directors and a resultant employee voice in corporation management, and condemns the recent practice by some corporations of placing the voting power entirely in a small portion of the common stock. He quotes the text of The Companies' Empowering Act of New Zealand, 1924, which authorizes corporations to issue a special kind of stock known as "labor shares." A company which was organized according to the provisions of this Act would pay the bondholders a fixed rate of interest (estimated at 5 percent) and the stockholders a larger compensation to cover additional risk (estimated at 8 percent). All the additional profit would be divided among the employees, thereby creating the labor shares. These shares would have all the rights and privileges of the common stock as regards dividends. This seems to be the most enlightened and most scientific scheme for a fair distribution of the surplus profits that has yet received formal approval from any government. It would give to capital only the amount necessary to bring it into business enterprise and keep it there, leaving all the surplus to those upon whom the production of any surplus primarily depends and who would receive therefrom a powerful incentive to productive efficiency.

Aside from his advocacy of employee membership on the boards of directors of corporations, Mr. Brookings does not discuss any other feature of genuine industrial democracy. Labor sharing in shop management, labor unions and labor control of business policies through ownership of a majority of the

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NEXT WEEK

Several years ago Michael Williams published in The Commonweal a prayer for a book which H. L. Mencken had announced he would write. This book, Treatise on the Gods, is now published. In MR. MENCKEN'S BIBLE FOR BOOBS, Mr. Williams admits that he has been properly punished by having to read "the dullest book ever written by a brilliant man." . . . George C. Young has sent us a paper, DIEHARDS AT THE NAVAL CONFERENCE, which is a keen analysis of what has already been accomplished in London, what may be expected to result, and the obstacles threatening the success which the public was taught to expect. . . . "America is still, in comparison with other countries, regarded as the woman's paradise." This fact, together with woman's place in the economic history of America, is discussed by Helen M. McCadden in WOMEN WHO WORK. . . . From Rome comes an article written by Count Igino Giordani which throws interesting light on the career of the new papal Secretary of State, CARDINAL PACELLI. . . . Charles Morrow Wilson believes that "youth and wide open spaces require loud voices, but establishment and reduced distances allow for propriety and composure" and that, therefore, America is now ready to strain after culture. OUR RENAISSANCE OF DIGNITY is an entertaining essay on what might be termed, if we agree with Mr. Wilson, a new American ideal. . . . An incident in a little Spanish seacoast town serves as the basis for Gouverneur Paulding's THE WHITE PIGEON. Its beauty and the beauty of its philosophy will have a stirring appeal. . . . Another important article, the title of which cannot yet be announced, will deal with religion in Russia.

stock, are all essential elements of economic democracy, but Mr. Brookings gives them little or no consideration. Indeed, he seems to stress the receipt of dividends as the essence of the democracy in which he believes. But this does not necessarily mean any degree of control, and control is the fundamental notion in the word "democracy." Nevertheless, all the papers in this volume are well worth reading.

JOHN A. RYAN.

A Poem of the Passion

Firehead, by Lola Ridge. New York: Payson and Clarke, Limited. $2.50.

THIS is a book excellent in purpose and design. It enlists the special and curious interest that goes always to persons intimately connected with a world event. Moreover, the pattern of the book is of a kind that makes possible a high degree of concentration on the several persons during the most critical twenty-four hours in their respective lives.

What is offered—in verse of varying metres and textures—is an account of the twenty-four hours from dawn to dawn on the day of the Crucifixion, as those hours were lived by the individuals most affected—Mary the Mother, Mary Magdalen, John, Judas, Peter and one or two others. Each is treated separately and in isolation, and the subject-matter, in each instance, is the individual's reaction to the cataclysmic event and his or her effort at some kind of adjustment to it which will make life possible.

The merits of the book have much to overcome. This makes it doubly regrettable that the publishers characterize it as a "narrative poem." It is, as a matter of fact, nothing of the kind. It is a poem in depiction of psychological states, written by a poet whose sensitiveness to impressions of all sorts impedes the revelation, and whose literary profusion results in an unfortunate crowded and blunting obscurity.

With such a theme it is difficult for the reader to escape a possibly arbitrary expectancy of lean and stark grandeur. Such an expectancy is disappointed in an early section, He, where an intricate and involved disquisition on natural phenomena is accompanied by a confused impressionistic account of Christ's sensations while on the Cross. The regrettable thing, here, is the want of anything approaching singleness of effect.

What is said of this section, in general terms, might be said with equal truth of the other parts of the poem—John, The Stone, The Resurrection. The psychological element, which might be (and in places is) interesting is thickly overlaid with sensuous impression and obscured by an involved style which makes formal confession of its own fault by frequent dashes and parenthetical interpolations. The section dealing with Judas comes nearer to success than any other, by virtue of having less profusion of matter and manner. The final passages of this section are a fresh and vigorous and sympathetic approach to the psychology of that historic sin and sinner. One comes off from the poem, too, with something like a definite picture of Mary Magdalen on that day, in her feeling for the central figure and for the event of his death.

Lola Ridge, as a poet almost painfully aware of every light and shade and color and curve in the natural world, needs no heralding here. Nor does her ability to understand sensations and psychological states need any extolling. These things have been among the attributes which constitute her fine and distinctive gift. It is regrettable that here she has essayed a task which is impeded by her lively and crying sensitiveness.

DAVID MORTON.

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Briefer Mention

Notes on English Verse Satire, by Humbert Wolfe. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $1.25.

MR. WOLFE'S contribution to the Hogarth Lectures is a particularly engrossing book. Naturally enough, the reader's first inclination is to do no more than skim through the chapters on the times of Dryden, Pope and Butler, and to give his greater attention to the chapters on more sterile periods; but even on the giants of satire Mr. Wolfe's comments are surprising enough, and direct enough, not only to hold one close until he has finished, but to send one back to the poets themselves afterward. And the chapter on The Victorians and Ourselves is wholly admirable. But there are other reasons why one welcomes this book. May it not, coming from a man who has a considerable vogue in this country, direct the attention of young writers to the possibilities and the need for the strong medicine of satire? And in America at present is there any literary opportunity so great as that open to a satirist? Mr. Wolfe, worrying about his own country, seems to include himself among those who "pray heartily for a great satirist in verse in our time. For who (or what) else fights or can fight for us?"

Poems by Q. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50.

ONE'S favor, of course, remembering an old debt, is predisposed toward anything from the hand of Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. But even without that, one would feel that the quality of this volume is tonic. Like everything else he has done the poems are rugged, scholarly, sometimes ironical; as one might expect, the pleasure and satisfaction with which we read them is very much like the pleasure and satisfaction with which we find ourselves in a quiet library when we are disposed toward reading. The Planted Heel, I think, is exceptionally fine, although I can appreciate why others might give preference to Upon New Year's Eve, The Shadows, Alma Mater, or The Splendid Spur—grand poems, all of them.

Winter Sonata, by Dorothy Edwards. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company, Incorporated. $2.00.

MISS EDWARDS'S characters, defined as "dream-bound children waiting for someone to awaken them into reality—held now in an enchanted spell," are six young people, equally divided as to sex, who are drawn by some inexplicable but powerful sympathy to one another. Their existence, so passive, so colorless, so uneventful, in an English village during the winter, forms in consequence not a sonata but a monotone. Yet it must be added hastily that the obbligato to this monotone is certainly very lovely. Miss Edwards has, indeed, succeeded in making a thing of beauty out of snow and sleet, rain and clouds, firs and bare trees.

The Living Past, by John C. Merriam. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

FASCINATING is the word for these thumb-nail essays of prehistoric western America by the president of the Carnegie Institution of Washington. Starting with the discovery of a pile of bones, a fossilized tree, a footprint preserved in stone, he suggests, always briefly, never sensationally, and never with any offensive assurance, what might have been their original setting. Anything more ambitious would be futile and boresome except for those who are able to believe that our knowledge of the dawn rests upon much except some nimble guessing.

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New Year's Eve: A Play in Seven Scenes, by Waldo Frank. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

THE point of this play is apparently that two people who love one another and who don't get married (even if each is already married) visit misery and tragedy on themselves, their children and even upon those to whom they are trying to be loyal. There is a vast lot of mysterious talking about love, freedom, and the holiness of life. The characters are vague neurasthenics and erotomaniacs presented in a futuristic stage setting; the dialogue is turbid and often pregnant with sententious lack of meaning; there are blackouts, vast jumps backward and forward in time, a kind of chorus which has no connection with the main action, and a full measure of the kaleidoscopic hocus-pocus so dear to emancipated writers. The play is a muddled echo of finer works like O'Neill's Strange Interlude and The Great God Brown, and of sketchy experiments like Lawson's Processional. One might have expected better things of Waldo Frank.

Money, by Samuel Crowther. Boston: The Stratford Company. $2.00.

HOW does anybody get rich, and how may somebody follow the fortunate example? Mr. Crowther considers these questions but gives no answer which leads immediately to crowded coffers. He tells you that money is made through wise administration of industries and properties, not through speculation; that the dollar is no respecter of persons or sexes; and that most "tips" are to be classed with fortune-telling. All of this is relatively well-advertised common sense. But there are so many people who seem never to have heard of it one hopes Mr. Crowther's book will have a wide sale.

Greece Today, by Eliot Grinnel Mears. Stanford University, California: Stanford University Press. $5.00.

SINCE the war nearly two million refugees have trekked to Greece from Turkey and the near East. This influx has greatly complicated already existing economic problems, so that the greatest concern of Greece today is something far more material than taking snapshots of the Athenian ruins. Professor Mears's book is a discussion of the Greek economic, social and political outlook. It is easily the best available compendium of facts regarding the subject and may be recommended to all who require a volume of this character.

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